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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Three Books on the Mysteries

ONE of the noteworthy things of this wonderful time of ours, perhaps its most vital and promising characteristic, is the growing general understanding of the place that the Mysteries and the Keepers of the Mysteries hold in the life of mankind and of the world. We are coming into a recognition, which every day makes fuller and deeper, that this visible humanity of ours, with its tragedies and comedies, and its vanity and its sorrow, is not left alone and unguarded, to stumble and sin amidst infinities. We are coming with ever-growing clearness to perceive the august presence of the Elder Brothers in the veiled background of our stage.

It will be a long time before we fully realize what the Elder Brothers are doing, and how much they are doing; before we can clearly discern their splendid share in our particular fates, and, at the same time, in the large movements, religious, political, national, in the world about us; before we can recognize the touch of the Masters in life and death alike. But we are making headway. We are moving in the right direction, moving forward at once with sureness and with speed. A little while ago this humanity of ours was like a crew of common sailors trying to navigate the ship, knowing nothing of navigation, of compass or sextant or chronometer, and unable either to see or to hear the captain and his officers. Now, some of the crew have waked up to the fact that we have the captain and officers aboard, and are determined not only to find and identify them, but further, so far as is possible, to make their presence and benign guidance known to all the crew. And those who are illumined by this determination have the heartening certainty that their right effort to do this will find cordial and effective co-operation from the captain and officers who, all the time, have had the real though unrecognized direction of the ship. To drop metaphor and parable: the life of each individual, and the life of mankind, will become infinitely more bearable, sane, illumined, holy and wise, in measure as we and

they discern the near presence of the Masters, and, discerning, begin to co-operate with the Masters in what, age after age, they have been trying to do.

As a step toward the Keepers of the Mysteries, we may begin by seeking to understand what the Mysteries are, and what part they play, and have always played, in the life and history of the world. The writer to whom is entrusted the arrangement of these "Notes and Comments" has on his table three books on the Mysteries, or on aspects of them; and some account of these, enriched by the light they inevitably shed on each other, with, perhaps, brief added comment, cannot fail to clear up in all our minds this great and vital theme, thus bringing us a little nearer to understanding the work and inspiration of the Masters of Life.

Two of these three books were published only a few months ago. The third is of older date, yet practically unknown, at least in English. And the three books have this in common: each presents with vividness and force one side of the Mysteries, while each has a marked limitation, due, it would seem, to seeing that one side too dominantly, and thus presenting it at the expense of other sides not less vital to an understanding of the whole august theme. We shall try, first, to give the essence, the positive contribution, of each of the three books; then to point out what seems to us the limitation of each; and, finally, perhaps, we may be able to gather the threads together, and to take a general view of the Mysteries, in the past and in the present, as revealed by our detailed survey.

The first of the three books is called *The New Testament of Higher Buddhism,* by Timothy Richard, D.D., Litt.D., of the English Baptist Mission to China. The essence and positive contribution of this book is its illuminating and enthusiastic account of certain aspects of Buddhism, belonging to what is called the Mahayana School, the School, that is, of the Great Vehicle. So admirable and germane to the Theosophical cause is much that Dr. Richard has to say, that we venture to quote at some length from his Introduction.

In the section entitled "The Leading of God in Contemporary Religious Movements," Dr. Richard says: "By comparing the dates of great conquerors, of great sages and founders of religions and civilizations, we find that there was a simultaneous movement operating, indicating that they were brought about by causes common to them acting universally. Thousands of years B. C. we find polytheism all over the world, attended by multitudes of religious ceremonies. About the fifth and sixth centuries B. C. there arose in China, in India, in Babylon, in Judea, and in Greece a large number of prophets and sages who laid

more emphasis on ethics than on religious ceremonies paid to a multitude of gods. From the beginning of the Christian era onwards for a thousand years, we find monotheism and ethics superseding ancient polytheism, in Europe under Christianity, in western Asia under Mohammedanism, in India producing the Bhagavat Gita, and in the Far East, China, Korea, and Japan, under Confucianism and New Buddhism... In our day we are face to face and side by side with the choicest and most enlightened souls, who, while realising the immanence of God, are striving to obtain a glimpse behind the veil into the transcendency of God and recognise the Divine current of spiritual force which inspires all nations and races with modern Life, Light and Love."

In comment on this, we may say, that, while we think Dr. Richard is unduly discouraged about the polytheistic ceremonies belonging to the period "thousands of years B. C.," which ceremonies were, in the main, most illumining dramas of the Mysteries, and no mere superstitions, and while we think Dr. Richard, moved, perhaps, by an unconscious bias, is in error in putting the Bhagavad Gita into the period after the beginning of the Christian era, yet we could ask for no better testimony to our thesis of the presence and operation of the Lodge of Masters than his recognition of the cyclic law guiding the energies of the "great sages and founders of religions and civilizations," the "prophets and sages" who made themselves felt at the same time in China, India, Judea and Greece. Nor could we demand a better definition of the Lodge force than that contained in Dr. Richard's sentence: "the Divine current of spiritual force which inspires all nations and races with Life, Light and Love."

We have only the highest commendation and admiration for Dr. Richard, when, comparing Christianity and Buddhism, he writes: "Both the Christians and the Buddhists regard their chief object of worship as Divine and full of compassion for human suffering. The Christians speak of their Saviour as voluntarily leaving the glory of heaven, where He was equal with God, and coming down, lower than an angel, to be man, suffering the shameful death of the cross for those who were so cruel as to crucify Him, and praying for them: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'...When devout Buddhists read these sentiments, they find much that commends itself to them as of exceptionally high merit. On the other hand, when the Christian reads the vows of Amitabha (Dharmakara), which are here summarised as saying he did not wish to go to heaven if his followers could not enjoy the same perfections as he had...or when they read the twelve vows of the Buddhist Great Physician, namely, to descend to earth to make men godlike, to teach the new and living way, to save men from hell and make them holy, to befriend the friendless, to give hope to womankind, to feed hungry spirits with spiritual food, and clothe them with garments

of righteousness, (and the like)—when devout Christians read these sentiments, they will find much that will commend itself to them as of exceptional merit, and will remind them strongly of their own Great Physician. Thus both Christians and Buddhists, by dwelling on their respective ideals rather than on their respective imperfections, will find themselves inspired to co-operate and exert themselves more than ever before for the salvation of their fellow-men, and to study each other's most sacred books. There are dry bones in both religions. What is needed is the Creative Spirit of the Christians, called the Merciful Kwanyin by the Buddhists, to make these dry bones live again!"

Dr. Richard continues: "The time of universal intercourse dawned upon mankind with the advent of steam and electricity within the last century. With this there has arisen the feeling that the next step in religious evolution is not a monopoly of any one of these competitive religions but a federation of all, on a basis that acknowledges with gratitude all that is best in the past in different parts of the earth as Divine, and then finally following the one which surpasses all the rest in authority and in usefulness to the human race." In this thought, "not a monopoly of any one of these competitive religions but a federation of all, on a basis that acknowledges with gratitude all that is best in the past in different parts of the earth as Divine," we have an expression of a view fundamentally Theosophical; of the inspiring thought, indeed, that stands behind the Theosophical movement.

We should not quite agree with Dr. Richard, that, after this federation of religions, we are to make a choice among them, and finally follow one among them. In the "Notes and Comments" in our last number, something was said of this, when the words of an august personage were quoted, regarding the Theosophical Society as "the foundation stone of the future religions of humanity." Our personal belief is, that the federation of religions in the Theosophical spirit will be one of the forces which will illumine a certain number of the foremost living followers of each religion, bringing them to that point on the path where they can really discern and understand the laws of life and death, of resurrection and spiritual development; in virtue of this illumination, coming into the presence of the immortal Children of Light, they will thenceforth form a channel, an open road, as it were, between the two worlds, between the Lodge of Masters and our common humanity; this body of spiritual men will form the heart of our religions, each of which will thenceforth be able to teach, with sure practical touch, the science of holiness, the art of immortality, the verified truth of spiritual life. The solution of the future lies, we believe, in the formation of such an Inner Body of all religions.

In no sense would this conflict with the final words of Dr. Richard.

"There would be no difficulty in getting the most intelligent to recognise Moses and the prophets of Israel, Confucius and Mencius, the Sages of China, Mohammed, God's ambassador to the Arabs, as all sent of God. And the final step in religion is foreshadowed by the firm belief of Hindus, Buddhists, and Christians, that the supreme Saviour of men must be God Incarnate. Latently, if not expressed, Confucianism, Taoism, and Shintoism base their claim to obedience on the belief that their teaching is derived from Heaven, where alone Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Mercy are to be found in perfection. The Religion of the future which will satisfy all nations and all races will not be born of any party cry, but will be born from the habit of looking at the highest and permanent elements in all religions and gladly recognising all that helps to save man, body, soul, and spirit, individually or collectively, as Divine. The whole intelligent world is getting tired of the struggle concerning the different doctrines and practices of the various religions and their sub-divisions into many hundreds of sects, but all are eager to know what light any or all of them can throw on...how to deliver all human hearts from the disease of selfishness and sin, that they may be made right with God and man."

After so much that is admirable and to our purpose in Dr. Richard's book, it may seem ungracious to hark back to the limitation in his view which we have already spoken of. Yet justice compels us to do so. The limitation is this: In the substance of his book, Dr. Richard gives us an admirable, eloquent, spiritual and inspiring account of Mahayana Buddhism, the New Testament, as he calls it, of the great Sakyamuni's teaching. Yet in that very title he reveals his bias, his failure, as it appears to us, rightly to understand the original teaching of Siddhartha the Compassionate. Dr. Richard falls, indeed, into the very error which has been so admirably and completely refuted by the author of *The Creed of Buddha,* in that superb work, which we commented on so fully in a former number. Like so many scholars, Dr. Richard believes that the original teaching of the Buddha was atheistic and nihilistic, and that it had no heart of spiritual life and light. He fails to understand the reality, as we deem it, of esoteric Buddhism; would deny, perhaps, that Buddha had an inner teaching.

There is, of course, a seeming support for this negative view, in the often quoted passage in which the Buddha, then at the point of death, declared to his disciples that he had kept nothing back, had not offered the people an outer doctrine merely, had not kept his hand closed on an esoteric teaching. But we believe that this support is only seeming; that the Buddha wished to impress on his hearers the fact that he was not, like the Brahmans, establishing a closed caste with hidden scriptures. But the evident indication of an esoteric Buddhism lies everywhere

through his teachings. For instance, does he not, in the Akankheya Sutta, describe the Four Trances, and the mystic powers, including spiritual vision, spiritual hearing, and the other powers of the spiritual man. The true esoteric Buddhism is, then, the new view of the world, which is revealed to him who has "mastered the Four Trances," the higher strata of consciousness, and who is in possession of the developed powers of the spiritual man. And that real esoteric Buddhism, which is implicit everywhere in the Buddha's teaching, and was not, therefore, kept back in a closed hand, is, we are convinced, the true source of the Mahayana, the "New Testament Buddhism," as Dr. Richard calls it.

But the matter goes a little further. Failing, as we think, to find the true source of the Mahayana, in the developed teaching of Siddhartha the Compassionate himself, and in the world-view which comes from not only hearing but following his precepts, Dr. Richard makes a suggestion as to the origin of the Mahayana which, we are convinced, is entirely misleading. The theology of the Mahayana school, he says, "is Christian in everything almost but its nomenclature. Ashvagosha was the Apostle Paul of Buddhism, and lived only about fifty years after Paul. Where Ashvaghosha got his ideas we do not know. Some say from the Apostle Thomas, who is supposed to have been together with him in the court of Gondophorus or Kanishka. But we await further light on the historic meeting-place of Christianity and New Buddhism before more definite pronouncements can be made."

A little later in his work, Dr. Richard reaches a greater definiteness in his surmises, which expresses itself thus: "If it be, as it is more and more believed, that the Mahayana Faith is not Buddhism, properly so-called, but an Asiatic form of the same gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in Buddhistic nomenclature, differing from the Old Buddhism just as the New Testament differs from the Old, then it commands a world-wide interest, for in it we find an adaptation of Christianity to ancient thought in Asia, and the deepest bond of union between the different races of the East and West, namely, the bond of a common religion." Here, we venture to think, Dr. Richard has allowed himself to be led away from the path of true criticism and true science. The remedy would be a thorough study of the ancient Upanishads, where he will find the fine essence of all the teachings which so greatly command his admiration in the Mahayana that he tries to trace them back to Galilee. This limitation, is however, no very great matter, and the corrective is ready to our hand. But the substantive gain of Dr. Richard's work is immense, and we heartily express our obligation to him.

We come now to the second of our three books, *The Apocalypse*

Unsealed, by James M. Pryse. The purpose of the book may best be set forth in Mr. Pryse's own words: "Every thoughtful student of the literature of the ancient religions, including that of early Christianity, can not but be impressed by the fact that in each and all of them may be found very clear intimations of a secret traditional lore, an arcane science, handed down from times immemorial. This secret body of knowledge is repeatedly alluded to in the New Testament, as also in the Upanishads and other ancient writings, in whose pages a few of the arcane doctrines are cautiously unveiled; and from the meagre glimpses thus afforded of the system it is clearly apparent that it was essentially the same in all the old religions and philosophies, constituting, in fact, their common esoteric basis."

Mr. Pryse further holds that "the Apocalypse is the key to the New Testament; more, it is in very truth the key of the Gnosis...much that is given in it had already been very clearly and openly stated in the writings of Plato (with which the Apocalyptist was evidently familiar) and of other Greek Initiates, as well as in the Buddhistic and Brahmanical scriptures...The Apocalypse is, as its title implies, an account of the initiation of Ioannes himself. In the subtitle he calls it 'the Initiation of Anointed Iesous,' that is, of his own illuminated Nous, the 'witness' for the universal Logos, as Ioannes in the material world, the 'slave' (*doulos*) of the true Self, is the 'witness' for the individual Logos."

With very much of this we are in hearty accord. We should like at this point, however, to enter a caveat. In an earlier page, Mr. Pryse writes: "Now, in plain words, what does this very occult book, the Apocalypse, contain? It gives the esoteric interpretation of the Christos-myth; it tells what 'Iesous the Christos' really is; it explains the nature of 'the old serpent, who is the Devil and Satan'; it repudiates the profane conception of an anthropomorphic God; and with sublime imagery it points out the true and only path to Life Eternal." So far Mr. Pryse. We should like, however, to put on record, as our personal opinion, that the Anointed Iesous, or Jesus, is not identical with the "illuminated Nous," or Higher Self, of Ioannes, the disciple John, except in so far as any Master is to be considered the Higher Self of his disciple. Nor can we let pass the phrase "the Christos-myth" without recording our personal belief that, while Christos may be used in a wide and general spiritual sense, it generally refers, in the New Testament, to that Master whom we know as Jesus; and, further, that the whole story of that Master, from the Incarnation (though the teaching of the Virgin Birth is materialised and misunderstood), through the ministry, to the Crucifixion and Ascension, is a true history of the life-work of a real Master, whose teaching to his disciples, so far as they understood it, is embodied in the Gospels.

We are further persuaded that this same Master, acting now in the "immortal body," of which Mr. Pryse has so much to say that is excellent, continued to watch over and guide his disciples throughout the period covered by the books of the New Testament, including the Apocalypse; which is, we believe, what Mr. Pryse calls it, a record of the initiation of John; but which is further, what he fails to bring out clearly, the record of John's initiation by the same Master whose visible life and work John had earlier depicted in his wonderful and mystic Gospel. And we are persuaded that, throughout the Apocalypse, John has recorded and preserved many genuine sayings of that Master, such, for example, as the superb passage which Mr. Pryse renders thus: "Because you say, 'I am rich, I have become rich, and I have lack of nothing,' and do not know that you are the worn-out, pitiable, beggarly, blind and naked one, I advise you to buy from me gold tried by fire—so that you may be rich—and white garments—so that you may clothe yourself, and the shame of your nakedness not be apparent—and eye salve to anoint your eyes—so that you may see. As many as I love, I confute and instruct. Therefore be emulous and reform. Behold! I am standing at the door and gently tapping. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I shall visit him; and I shall dine with him, and he with me."

The version which we have just quoted is, without doubt, very literal, and corrects certain errors in the Authorised Version. In that sense, it brings out an element of truth concealed by the King James version, and is, to that extent, a gain. Yet, it seems to us, in gaining one kind of truth, Mr. Pryse, through his method of translating, has sacrificed or overlooked another kind of truth; that essence, namely, which is contained in the rhythm of an occult book; what Mr. Pryse would, no doubt, call its mantra. And, whatever be the imperfections of the English Authorised Version, it has this supreme merit, that through much of it there is present this superb quality of spiritual rhythm, which should in no wise be tampered with. It seems to us that, just as behind such a work as *Light on the Path,* or *The Idyll of the White Lotus,* there stood the true author, the inspirer, the Master, compelling the spiritual sense into beautiful rhythms, so, behind a work destined to have such a world-wide influence as the authorised English Bible, the Master may also have stood, breathing into it those superb rhythms which give it literary immortality. In *Light on the Path,* or in *The Idyll of the White Lotus,* the characteristic rhythms are Greek, one might even say Homeric; for example, we may quote from the former such a sentence as this: "Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm;" which is markedly dactylic; or, from the latter, "Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself," where the second part of the sentence has the same quality. And with these we might compare such a sentence as this: "Behold I send you forth as sheep in

the midst of wolves; be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and harmless as doves;" or such a sentence as this: "Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It seems to us that no amount of literalness will condone the destruction of such a rhythmical quality as this, and we cannot say that we are persuaded by Mr. Pryse's variant of the superb phrase: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

For the most part, however, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Pryse has reached true conclusions concerning the Mystery teaching in the Apocalypse, and has successfully solved many riddles, including "the number of the Beast," the "six hundred, three score and six," and much of the arcane symbology to which such vast stores of industry have hitherto been uselessly applied. Mr. Pryse takes much the same view of the "second death" as was taken in certain articles in THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY two or three years ago, though he has evidently reached his conclusion along lines of his own. His book is a genuine and valuable contribution to the study of the Mysteries; especially valuable as showing the presence of the Mystery teaching, in essence and in detail, within the covers of the New Testament. Mr. Pryse rather turns the tables on such a scholar as Dr. Richard, who is tempted, as we saw, to derive all that is best in the Mahayana from St. Thomas; for Mr. Pryse shows that a part, at least, of the New Testament owes its very life to the presence of the older doctrine of the Initiates, the "just men made perfect," the sages and seers whom Dr. Richard so eloquently referred to in a passage we quoted at the outset.

In his Introduction, Mr. Pryse writes thus of spiritual seership: "When the *sushumna* impinges upon the brain there follows the lofty consciousness of the seer, whose mystic 'third eye' now becomes, as it has been poetically expressed, 'a window into space.'" This suggests a passage in another book, the third of the three which we had in mind in writing the subtitle of these "Notes and Comments." This is the *Popol Vuh,* the very ancient Sacred Book of Central America, edited and translated by Brasseur de Bourbourg, an autographed copy of which, by a fortunate coincidence, is at this moment before us. Before we quote the passage in question, we may say, by way of introduction, that, when the Spaniards came to Central America, immediately after the expeditions of Columbus, they found the so-called "Indians" in possession of a script, which might almost be called an alphabet, in which they had many books. Further, in the years immediately after the Spanish Conquest, some of the most intelligent and enlightened "Indians" learned Spanish, and the Latin alphabet, and re-wrote some of their ancient books in the Latin letters; while, at the same time, learned Spanish monks made dictionaries

and grammars, some of which, in the original Mexican editions, are still extant, and which embody an accurate and extensive knowledge of the old "Indian" languages.

Brasseur de Bourbourg, bringing these various instruments of knowledge together, has printed a text, and a translation in French, of one of these ancient books, under the title *Popol Vuh,* the Sacred Book. He gives an account of the vistas of antiquity revealed by it, and by the traditions which accompany it; with the migrations of the early races from certain lands to the east of Central America, whence they were displaced by natural cataclysms. Further, he declares, again and again, in passages which we would fain quote, did space permit, that the possessors of these ancient books had a system of Mysteries, which he compares to Masonry, and that this record is a symbolic account of certain of the events of the Mystery dramas, which were thus handed down and perpetuated to our own day, even though often quite misunderstood. This whole subject demands and deserves something more than the cursory treatment which we are compelled here to give it, and we may, perhaps, take it up again at a more convenient time.

But we cannot leave the subject without bringing out, first, the fact that we thus find evidence of the Mysteries in Central America, centuries ago, long before the beginning of our era, in Brasseur de Bourbourg's opinion; and, secondly, calling attention to the tradition that these Mysteries came to America from the East, that is, across the Atlantic. Our personal belief is, that they came, if not from Egypt, then from that now hidden source whence Egypt herself drew some of her arcane wisdom. But we must leave this as merely a suggestion, and return to our point of departure, the passage concerning the mystical "third eye."

In the *Popol Vuh,* there are many exceedingly interesting traditions of the early races of mankind, and the successive attempts to create, which strongly call to mind parts of *The Secret Doctrine.* One of these is as follows: "A wonder and a true marvel was their creation and the making of them, by the Creator, the Former, the Engenderer, by Him who gives being: having the appearance of men, they were therefore men; they spoke and reasoned, they saw and heard, they moved about and handled; men perfect and beautiful, whose faces were as the face of a man. Thought dwelt in them and they saw, and as soon as they raised their eyes, their vision embraced all things; they knew the whole world, and when they looked, their vision turned in an instant from the vault of heaven to behold again the surface of the earth. Things most hidden they beheld at will, without need of moving beforehand; and when they turned their vision toward the earth, they beheld all that it

contains. Great was their wisdom; their genius extended over the woods and the rocks, over the lakes and the seas, over the mountains and the valleys; men truly worthy of admiration.

"They saw everything under heaven; then they gave thanks to the Creator and the Former, saying: Truly we offer you all thanks. We have received being, we have received mouths, we have received faces, we speak, we hear, we think, we walk; we perceive and know as well what is far off as what is at hand. We see all things great and small in heaven and upon earth. Thanks then be to you, we have been created, O Builder, O Former; we exist, said they, thus giving thanks for their being and their formation. They completed the measurement and the survey of all things that exist, to the four corners and angles of the heavens and the earth.

"But the Builder and the Former heard this with displeasure. Therefore they took counsel anew, saying: What shall we do with them? Let their vision be contracted, so that they may see only what is on the surface of the earth. They will be as gods; therefore let us mar a little our handiwork, that they may lack something; else they may wish to equal Us who have made them, Us whose wisdom extends afar and comprehends all. Thus spoke the Heart of the Heaven, the Storm-god, the Thunderer, the Former. Then a mist was breathed over the pupils of their eyes by the Heart of the Heaven, and their vision was veiled like the face of a mirror when it is breathed on; thus the apple of their eyes was darkened; they saw only what was close at hand; this alone remained clear to them." Tradition says that the pristine spiritual vision thus veiled can once more be awakened by the Mysteries, and that this is the mystical "third eye" spoken of by the latest translator of the Apocalypse.

Thus, like some strange bouquet of flowers gathered from the Himalayas, from the Nile, from Yucatan, we bring together our fragmentary evidences of the Mysteries; seeking thus to show their universal presence and inner identity among all the races of mankind. They shine, here and there, like lamps behind a curtain; a curtain which hides from view the august Guardians of the Mysteries. But it may be that, for this age of ours, the curtain may be somewhat withdrawn; the mirror purified of the film that was breathed upon it, may once more give back pure light. What solace for mankind, whether in living or in dying, to know something of the immortal Guardians, ever close at hand and rendering effective service, even though they be hidden behind the veil.

FRAGMENTS

WHEREVER you have the intensely religious spirit made self-conscious you have Theosophy, regardless of forms or names. For Theosophy has nothing to do with forms. It is a spirit.

On the lower side Theosophy is a certain attitude towards life; on the higher side, a spirit of complete surrender and dedication to the Divine. As St. Paul says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." There speaks the Theosophist; and whosoever so speaketh and liveth is a Theosophist, whatever form of religious belief he may hold, whatever label he may wear.

But this must be conscious and intelligent on his part; no general seeking, no vague relation. Men may attain great heights of spirituality, but undeterminedly and almost unaware. The Theosophist on the other hand is fully aware; knows whither he is going, and why; and has started with open eyes upon that "small, old path, that stretches far away," under his Master's guidance.

To become a Theosophist is to experience the "new birth from above."

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee. Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

The Churches, therefore, should say, like the prophet John, standing and calling in the wilderness (of material life) "I indeed baptise you with water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I...he shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The Theosophist is he who has received this second baptism. He truly is twice-born. No man is a Theosophist in the mere fact of being a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, nor because he holds any philosophy, or system of metaphysics.

All such conventional and intellectual definitions can have no place in that which is vital and dynamic,—a question of exterior adjustments, of interior relations above all, concerning those things which in very fact and essence the man *is;* not in the least what he may appear to be, nor what he may possess.

If only we could make this clear, not merely to the outside public, but to our own members! He is a Theosophist who has been "born again," who has been baptised "with the Holy Ghost and with fire," whose life is "hid with Christ in God." When our Fellows realize this, they will be slower to claim a title than which there is none higher for a man to bear. This it is which gives Theosophy its wonderful, drawing power, in spite of the misunderstanding, calumny, and ridicule which

at all times have surrounded it; in spite of the far more hurtful misinterpretation of those who blindly claim to be its adherents.

This it is which causes each Theosophist to become a magnet to which all spiritually minded men instinctively turn. It draws the dawning spiritual perceptions as the sun draws the flower, and awakens it to light and life and perfection of bloom.

"I, if I be lifted up shall draw all men unto me," said the Master. But it is not his message which draws; it is the divine potency of his life and of what he is.

In the depths of the throbbing heart of life an infinite Peace abides. That Peace we seek, having found the Path. It is not the peace of a passing content, but of a whole hearted resignation; not the peace of circumstance or condition, or of any outward thing whatsoever; nor, of mind, nor of heart; but the Peace of the Spirit and of Eternity. To it failure and success alike are equal, since there can be but success; discord and harmony as existing in this lower world of contrasts, forming, each, needful portions of the one great Symphony of Silence with which the higher world is filled. We hear that to which we listen; that to which our attention is directed, we perceive. May the Father give us right power to hear and see!

"He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches." CAVÉ.

"No one can have a true idea of right until he does it; any genuine reverence for it till he has done it often and with cost; any peace ineffable in it till he does it always and with alacrity."

MARTINEAU.

THE ALTAR OF LIFE

IN the observation of Man, and his destiny, there is one indisputable fact with which we are at once confronted; it challenges our attention; we cannot evade it; we cannot escape it. This fact is:

There is one factor common to all men, one thing with which all have to deal, and which each has to master,—in some degree at least; this common factor is Life.

We all live, and must live on, in one mode or another, in one form or another, upon one plane or another, until we understand Life and become masters of Life at some one, or more, of the many points with which we are confronted: when we have achieved such knowledge we enter upon still wider modes of existence and partake still more fully of Life. And this truth is applicable to every mode of existence, to every form of Life. The universe teems with lives; no created thing can turn from Life and lay it down, dreaming of an end. No man that ever lived has ever seen Death. We have only seen Life changing its mode of action.

Take, for example, the new born child. It has at once to master the power of breathing upon a new plane of matter, in a new mode: this it does master, or it turns back into the unseen. Then it must acquire powers of digestion, of assimilation, of hearing, of seeing, of walking; finally, of thinking and the use of the wonderful brain. In all this, there is some sub-consciousness at work, with which we have but small acquaintance, and with which we are not at the moment concerned. Our present point is this: the child, in its growth and development runs through a wide gamut of experience, and acquires powers upon various planes of Life: when it is fully grown, it enters upon a still wider area of achievement, for now it must learn how to think,—how to think *rightly* in relation to its environment and how to adapt its thought to its aims in Life. So that Life tests and teaches, teaches and tests as we pass along its spiral; and this is true of every life in any world: it must be true of all, being true in any.

This being so, we set out upon the great adventure with one sure clue in our hands. For Life is at once the great adventure and the hidden secret, the beginning, the goal, the prize. Whatever our desire, we obtain it *by living,* and by utilizing that which Life has brought to us; even when we fail, it is still through having lived, but in a sense obstructive to our true desire and hope. That our very bodies fall out of line and "die" so soon, being so vulnerable to disease, age, and the like, is because of the misuse of Life, because the congeries of Lives within them tend to a fuller, separated Life of their own.

Look at it as we will, Life meets us at all points, and must be understood, and then mastered by us. The man who succeeds,—whether in a material sense, or in the sense spiritual,—is the man who has grasped to some extent some group of the Laws of Life. Life has many planes and values, and it depends upon the man himself,—and upon the nature of his desire,—whether he succeeds or fails. He who attains has done so because he has understood how to set about making his effort; the man who fails has not known how to apply his Life powers to the end he had in view. So evident is this, that if we will consider mankind and their efforts, we are soon able to discern why the one fails, and why another has met with success. Achievement comes through the right effort having been made,—and made persistently,—in the right way. And on the other hand the failure has come about because the man has failed to understand some of the Laws of Life. And yet these Laws are all simple—*so* simple. For this very reason, perhaps, the crowd has passed them by.

As we study Life, we are at once struck with this primary fact: All the true powers of Life are *spiritual* powers. It is not the material with,—or in which,—a man works, nor is it the environment in which he lives which achieves his ends. We have innumerable instances of persons born and living amidst poverty and ignorance, whose great success has lain in the accumulation of wealth. We have read in the pages of history how the deep scientific secrets of the world have often been revealed as by magic to some simple student, one of reverent mind who really found what he sought, not through his mental equipment, but through the intuition of the quiet and trusting heart. Courage, not cannon, has won the day of battle. Endurance has outstayed the host of foes—even the ice, the cold, the sirocco, the whirlwind and all the irate wardens of Nature. When Saul the persecutor journeyed to Damascus, and, being struck down upon the way by a great light, arose as Paul the Christian teacher, was it some material power that wrought that change which has echoed down the centuries? Or was it rather some spiritual Life that smote his heart as he lay prone, and thereby converted him? In a word, it is the *spiritual* qualities wielded by mankind that win each prize of Life; even the most sordid miser has won his luxury of possession by the exercise of an adamantine will that faced hunger, thirst, desires and wants to gratify the master passion. He exercised the will by the means of which the Saints have attained—but *he* misapplied it. And so, too, it is not the preacher who converts his fellow men, but his Life speaking through his words to the hearts of his hearers.

When we have grasped this great truth,—that all the powers of Life are *spiritual* powers, we are ready to take another step onward. We wish to exercise these powers, to prove them, to exert them to some desired end. This brings us to a moment of vital import; for now we

face a choice. In what direction will we apply them? "Under which King?"

Whatever the decision, we make a fresh discovery—as must be when Life itself is the great adventure and all its secrets are fresh joys. We find that we are deficient in the spiritual power necessary to the attainment of our object, whatever that may be: we lack the weapons necessary to our battle. We have not the courage, or the self-denial needed; we are poor in perseverance, in hope, in self-trust, or what not else; above all, we are beggared of faith. This last lack is by far the most serious, for faith,—faith in our destiny, in our self, in the possibility of attainment,—is an absolute essential to success. No man or woman undertakes to reach to eminence in the material world, who has not a burning belief that success is possible,—is even sure and certain,—and to himself or herself. Each time that Jesus of Nazareth was entreated to confer some miraculous boon, what was His answer? Did He not say: "Dost thou believe that I can do this thing?" Without faith,—faith in His power and His compassionate will to exercise that power,—the longed-for gift could not be bestowed. At the root of all power lies faith. If we are wanting in faith, we must acquire faith, somehow, or we are undone.

But there is yet another power, going hand in hand with faith and equally necessary: that power is *will*. We speak in modern phrase of the "will to live," and yet how rarely do we remember the strict accuracy of this phrase. We have seen what a vast work we accomplished while we were still in our infancy; we did so under the guidance and the imperious mandate of the "will to live" deeply hidden in the soul. Where we fail, our will and our faith are lacking; we may not be able to touch the weak spot within our nature with the finger of introspection, but it is there: nothing is impossible to the soul which has these two spiritual powers in their fullness, whether that soul work "in heaven" or upon the gross and crude material of the earth. You and I alike do all that we do by virtue of these twin, spiritual powers; that which we do not *will* to do, and do not believe we *can* do is not done by us: we stand aside and behold others among our fellows bearing away the prize.

There is still a third necessary power, and it also is a spiritual potency. I refer to the power of the imagination. This it is that the old mystics and alchemists called the creative power, the "image making power." By the exercise of this power, we are able to contemplate the goal to which our thoughts and our efforts tend, and to render an account of that goal to ourselves, to say whether or no it seems a possible thing to us. Each one of us unconsciously uses this power each time a new thing is attempted, no matter how small it may be; we embrace it with our imagination and see it as if it were already done, in the mirror of the mind, before we attempt to do it at all. And when we have not used

this power, our action is abortive; the deed drops, still-born, from our sphere.

Thus we see that our common Life, so far as it is known to us, is governed, ruled, conducted by the use of spiritual powers, no matter in what direction, or upon what material these are used by the human spirit. It remains to be seen in what direction these powers are most wisely and most successfully used. Let us then consider the question of Life.

We,—each one of us,—are acquainted with fragments of Life only. Life as a great Whole escapes our mental vision, because it is too vast for the mind to conceive. Again, we are only able (humanly speaking) to take note of limited areas of Life: there are regions of land and water, of air and ether, of sunlight and darkness; formless worlds, conditions of substance, immense spaces of experience and of consciousness alike, of which our human thought has never dreamed. Each man concerns himself only with those phases of Life which stand nearest to his diurnal consciousness, which are most immediate to his own experience, and upon these he uses such powers of discernment, of understanding, of mastery or of avoidance as it may please him to use—or to neglect. We live in narrow sections only; our sight reaches only to the rim of near horizons, and our god-like powers, hidden in embryo within us, are atrophied for want of recognition and use.

Is this as it should be? Does it not behoove us to ask ourselves why, and for what purpose, we are here at all? Why are we embedded in material life as the oyster in its shell, with perhaps some least infiltration of the vast spiritual ocean into *our* surrounding shell? Surely the answer to this question is a simple one. We are here for the same reason which is operative in all that we do or leave undone: we are here because we wished, and hence willed, to be here. Some say that this cannot be true, and that we,—all of us,—often find ourselves in situations which are painful, distressing, unwished for; repugnant, even, to every fibre that quivers within us. That may be so, in the *immediate* sense. But if it be true that every effect has a cause, and that all causes must work themselves out in the sphere of their creator, then we are indeed bound to concede that the distasteful situations of Life have been brought about by ourselves; in some deeply hidden fashion, it may be, but still caused by ourselves, and by no other. Action and re-action being equal and contrary in direction, we need not marvel at the many transformations of Life.

If, on the other hand, you say that effects may exist without a cause, and that the cause and its creator—its evolver, rather—are not interrelated, why, then, Life is not consecutive, and is not governed by law or order at all. And to this you, not improbably, will refuse to assent. Or you live amid a mad confusion.

So let us consider that we willed to be where we stand today, and that

the human spirit within each one of us has obtained satisfaction, experience, opportunity and teaching by the situations in which we find ourselves; that, given the free exercise of our will and choice, our lives are now as that spirit willed the environment to be. Could we but discover and have touch with that inner spirit, all would be well with us, for we should understand that every event of our lives is an opportunity, is helpful and is willed by our soul. Denial of our purely personal desires, of the whims and wants and cravings of the human mind would then appear to us in a truer aspect; we should discern a *spiritual* purpose beneath the denial, and the will of the soul in bringing about each experience through which we pass would be seen in its true aspect, in its Life-renewing and Life-sustaining power. We should all at once leap into the comprehension that the "will-to-live" comprizes the whole of Life—Life in its entirety and its unity; that the will of the soul is towards the Whole, and not towards the circumscribed parts. We are the heirs of Universal Life, and towards that immeasurable Whole the human spirit hastens, even as the strong runner runs his race in joy.

But we are in truth circumscribed, and by a jailor of our own choice. Our mind it is that shuts us away into a region of exceeding definiteness and precision, where only the things visible to the gross senses are apprehended. The testimony of these senses is what we term "reality": all other testimony is excluded as being "unreal." An odd error, this, for us to make, since the unseen things of Life, the things that escape the senses, are really those which we value most! Happiness, contentment, love, peace, joy—these are our treasures, nor would we part with the least portion of these for material possessions of any sort, were we bidden to choose. We value the material possession only in the degree in which we suppose that it can obtain for us the longed-for and rarer treasures of the heart; once sure that the material wealth will beggar us of these higher values, we are willing to cast away the visible power for the invisible ones. Who would desire wealth of any kind, once he were sure that it would make him utterly miserable? Even those who crave material and lower things are looking,—all unknown to their own minds,—for the spiritual riches, really. The ambitious man wants power; could he but see that self-control is the greatest of powers, he would concentrate upon that, casting away all lower forms. He who seeks passion, in time embraces the deepest discontent; he endures all the miseries of satiety and one day learns that not lustful passion but a very passion of divine and all compassionate love was that of which his spirit whispered him, while he so blindly sought. Every possession which men so eagerly desire, and so perseveringly pursue, has thus its hidden lesson. We see the forms of our desire changing continually in the kaleidoscope of our lives, weaving patterns ever brighter and more splendid, until at last we come upon that mysterious and rapturous moment in which

we see that what we so ardently seek,—that perfect happiness pursued with age-long desire,—is Life itself; it is the Soul.

Behind all manifestation there lies, invisible but imperial, the Soul, the Mover, the Ruler of Life. This it is which the heart of man desires; this it is of which the human spirit sings in the ambient spaces of our dreams. The Soul is everywhere; and Life is the altar of the Soul.

Once this mighty secret in its divine simplicity dawns upon our eager imaginations, how changed are all the issues of our daily lives. Life becomes holy to us. In each moment of the diurnal round we find a meaning, a beauty, an aid. For now we understand that the high Soul seeks us even more ardently than we seek it; it is the hidden lover of all mankind. Life is the method and manifestation of that Soul which we seek, and our portion of Life is the daily bread which we entreat at the hand of the Father in Heaven.

Life, then, continuous and eternal, is the altar of the Soul. What will we lay upon that altar? What shall be our daily sacrifice? What the bread for which our petitions arise?

Each one of us must answer these questions for himself. But answer them each one must. Aeons of delay, if you will; the hour will strike for each when the answer must be found, and *consciously* found. What is our burnt offering, consumed in the fires of our lives? What do we bring to the altar of the Soul? Is it our patience? Is it our faith? Our love? Are we consecrated to the service of the Soul? Do we eat, as Krishna said, only the food which remains from the sacrifice? Or do we refuse our hearts and our treasures to the altar? Is it our discontent, our desire, our passion and our greed that we cherish, and is it at the altar of self that we worship, rather than at that of the Soul? If this we do, we do but cheat ourselves. The human spirit will not be so cheated. At the end of ages it will still make its claim upon us. In the long, long course of time, as men know time, the hour comes when we must acknowledge the Soul.

Why not, then, acknowledge that great Soul here and now? Are we happy as we now live? Let us look into our hearts.

The heart of man is the source from which all his energies flow; all his powers have their rise in his heart. So, too, at the Heart of Life abides a sweetness and a power which all feel, but which few recognize. Denied of most, derided by many, unperceived, often, by those whose intuition dumbly hints at its presence, this silent bounty pours forth upon the careless world, mellowing the whole round of Nature.

What is its source? Why comes it? Whither does it go?

These questions the ages, rising and falling, have not answered. But here and there among the human hosts men and women have sensed, as by some finer mode of perception, the outpour of this sweetness. Some of these have essayed to convey it to the listening world in the highest accents of art, of music, of song. Thus a volume of noble sound has

some down to us. But the soundless song, the spheric music, has escaped expression. Then there are others who have felt the music in their hearts and who have tried to render its sweetness in terms of action: the patriot, the mother, the children of self-sacrifice one and all have heard it thus, distilling its essence into the cold, material life. Still others there are,—the best beloved children of the Soul,—who have pressed the meaning of the silent music close and closer to their hearts, living it out day after day, until their lives keep time with the eternal harmony: some of these lives are glorified, they are made identical, they are merged into light, they become one with the hidden lover in the heart. In these a boundless compassion is the outward sign of the interior light. All others are orphans: they wander to and fro among lifeless forms and cast moulds of thought, casts which the free and fluid life forces have broken and thrown aside. And yet they clutch at empty creeds and ancient formulæ. And why? Because in the general and instinctive movement towards some abiding form of happiness, we all feel the joyful impulse of the Soul, even when our actions most seem to deny it. Humanity is indeed orphaned if it deny the Soul. Each orphan feels that he has a right to which he was sealed from the hour of his birth, a right to some real and entire joy, and that Life—the Life encountered at each turn of the days and the nights—(*Oh! those nights*)—has beggared him of this. Bitter is the complaint of the disinherited. When wordless, then most bitter. It fills the earth and reverberates back from the stars through the thin and chilling air. Some there be, indeed, who enjoy Life in matter; these say that they are joyful, that they voice no complaint; but the challenge of their lives summons Fate to the bar and forms her worst arraignment. Now and again some lover of his kind, some great captain clad with war, some golden hearted hero, some saint on earth who lives for God alone, some statesman modelling the life of his era and handing the pattern down the centuries, some

"——singer, hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing songs unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes
And fears it heeded not"——

—these think to have found happiness, to have touched that unalloyed delight which looks out from the eyes of childhood and which the fullness of nature continually presages. But all who find the treasure lose it. Under the subtle alchemy of Life, happiness breaks up at the purely human touch; some volatile, spiritual essence escapes; the precipitate thrown down is sorrow.

Why should this be so? Is there, then, no permanent substratum to human joy? Is the fabric of heart's delight but the chill of nightmare,

the mist of dream? The weaver within the breast of man can he weave no more enduring web than these? When the human dreamer wakes, the glory has faded from off the inner sky and Life lies cold and grey about him until some other will-o-the-wisp beckons again across the morass and lures him on, and on. Again he pursues Again he grasps and misses—what? A shade! Again he stumbles, falls, arises,—and stands disillusioned under a steely sky. Ever and ever he seeks, because without some hope of happiness—whatever the kind or mode—mankind cannot live. Man lives on, because he hopes for something, he knows not what; he hopes something may arrive, something may change into the happiness he feels must await him, at some turn of the road; no matter how low or degraded its form, or how elemental its nature, he believes that it exists for him, it must find him one day—and he lives on. So he waits; he finds, or seems to find; he touches—and that which he possesses is but a wraith of joy; the spirit and the soul of happiness have fled.

Must this reiterated process be a barren one, *of necessity?* Surely not: that is as if we were to say that the formula of Life yields an ash, but no result. This can only be the case under the hands of a tyro, one unlearned in the science of Life. He who studies Life at close, inner range *and impersonally,* and who reverences while he studies, finds that we are in truth happy only when we lose ourselves. Self-consciousness is the grim spectre haunting all mankind, barring the way of escape into the wider universe. If this be so, it were wiser to take a broader and a fresher view, starting anew upon this vital search. It seems most difficult for us to do this, as if some fear, like a drawn sword, barred the way. And in truth each man does fear to lose himself, to lose that fixed body of thought which represents each to himself. Yet what if this which we so fear to lose be actually an enemy which, octopus like, strangles that shy and vital essence which we seek? What if our self-consciousness enmeshes and confines the Soul?

How, then, to find the Soul? Each man must do this for himself. But each must obtain some hint from Life, the Life about him and of which he is a unit, the Life of which he forms a part. The clue is near at hand. Life emits a light by which it reveals itself. Life is common to all: Why, then, does each use Life as if he were set apart? Life is *impersonal,* but we use it *personally.* This simple fact—once we recognize it, alters the whole focus of Life. Viewed from this new standpoint, the path is seen to be straight and cleared of all its mazes.

One wise in the science of Life once said something to the effect that the spiritual is neither personal nor impersonal; it is not an abstraction: but seek to find *the impersonal in the personal,* and there is the spiritual; your difficulty is solved.

With this in mind, our maze still winds, but is a maze no more. All our actions, when we relate them to the larger, the Universal Life,

become symbols; within the action is a spiritual, an impersonal meaning which ensouls, as it were, the action, and so relates it to the great Life.

To take a concrete and a very simple example: a woman sweeps a room. She is doing this because she is paid to do it, and so earns a livelihood; or she does it because it is a part of her daily home duty; it has to be done, it is a part of her work. So, she sweeps, doing it well as to the mechanical part of its nature, and but little more. Another woman comes, taking up the same work, but as she sweeps, a pure motive is singing at her heart: she is doing this work as if to the Lord; in her heart, her intent, her will she is doing the life work He has given into her hand; the Lord decreed her necessity and her labour, and the deed is done as if for Him. Can we not see the difference in spiritual dynamics between the first worker and her who hath swept the house and found her piece of silver, rejoicing and praising God? The difference of the forces engendered by each is enormous and wide. The one, working personally, living as to herself, was shut in by an airy barrier, imponderable but rigid as the barrier between element and element; the constriction of a lower order of force shut into a vicious circle, revolving around herself. The second woman, sensing with fine intuition the omnipresence of that Divine Life which we sometimes call "God," works as one bowed to Its Rule, vowed to That Service; and thus serving in this impersonal manner, she becomes a co-worker with the Supreme: through her life the spiritual forces are freely playing, divinely working out their appointed ends far, far beyond her visible sphere of action; and she herself, in her degree and place, is evolving from her apparent limitations the spirit that ensouls every atom of Life.

And so with any other action. As we eat, drink, work, play, stand, sit, fall, rise, give, take, every single action symbolizes something of the Universal Life. That largest Life is mirrored in the least deed of man or woman; their *intent* in each deed declares the nature of their alliance, whether with Evolution or with Devolution. He who seeks the hidden meaning within his daily actions and who views them in the light of their inner significance, raises no barriers, enters no entanglements, and finds a light emanating from Life which does illumine the darkness of his Consciousness, does purify it from the haunting ghosts of self-consciousness, does lift and strengthen his heart and wash clean the tablets of the mind.

"That life is carnal in which our spirit, meant for God, is dragged at the chariot-wheels of our lower life; and that is spiritual which is ruled and mastered by the Spirit. Secular business is spiritual if it is ruled by the divine Spirit according to the law of righteousness. Politics are spiritual, commercial and municipal life are spiritual, and everything that develops our faculties is spiritual, if we will allow the divine Spirit to rule in all according to the law of righteousness, truth and beauty."

And then so many come, asking, "What, *precisely*, do you mean by

the term Spirit?" They, it would appear, would like to touch, taste, see the Spirit. Surely there are very few amongst us who cannot discern the spirit of an act, the spirit in which it is done, and whether it be a spirit of truth and of mercy, a spirit of wide and deep bearings and of outlook upon Life. Or is it still true what some of the elder alchemists said, that "the discernment of spirits" is a rare gift? And readers have looked solemn and wise, thinking that ghosts were meant!

Dealing in this wise with our personal lives and finding the impersonal significance within them, we come by degrees to the perception that Life is in reality an altar, whereupon we lay our sacrifices, offering up the *personal* motives, desires and viewpoint upon that altar of the Soul. So offering, our sacrifice is accepted—and then real Life begins. We learn of Life all that we need to know. Our self-consciousness no longer imprisons the inner nature. The soul within, freed from the tangled nets of personality, looks about the inner world, sees, comprehends, and then—Ah! my friends, have you ever seen the butterfly, freed from the cocoon, sitting stunned in the shade awhile; and then,—the breath of the wide, free Life touches it, and oh! the rapturous dash into the blue ether, the wide and ever-widening circles of Life as God meant it to be! When the inner Life begins, and the inner joy is tasted, Life,—your Life, my Life;—has become an indivisible portion of the Universal Life, an altar of the Soul.

Shall we not, then, lead our lives as priests serving at a mighty altar? Shall we not be consecrate? Shall not our daily life be to us as the daily bread from the hand of Divinity? For if we can so envisage Life, our narrow horizons vanish like mists gathered up by the sun; in the place of a fretted and paltry existence, now fevered by a selfish hope, now chilled by a selfish despair, we shall find ourselves secure, joyous, vibrant with faith, ripened and enriched with compassion which shall wear a spiritual likeness to the Compassionate Law and Soul from which it sprang. Each moment shall be freighted with a splendid meaning: our very human sorrow shall be sanctified with courage and trust. In the smallest act we shall feel the touch of a spiritual purpose, the breath of a diviner sphere—beyond our ken, perhaps, but not beyond the intuitive insight of our faith. There will be nothing small, nothing petty or mean or circumscribed in our lives as we shall then live them, for each event will be irradiated with Life.

Our present consciousness is mainly of the lower self, the self almost wholly concerned with Life upon a gross plane. We are largely ignorant of, or indifferent to the Life of higher regions; we have tasted, but we lack the courage to pursue with unfaltering will the Life which wells up in the heart. When we feel the touch of that Life we taste happiness; but all too soon we seek to *perpetuate some chosen form* of happiness; we wish to find our delight there where we are used to perceive it,—that is, in consolidation, in perpetuation, in possession, in inertia, in rigid

crystallization around some preferred mode of living, of experience. Then great Life, the All-Compassionate, arises and breaks our puny mould. Happy are we if we perceive the Compassion within the seeming disaster, and know that all which we lay cheerfully upon the altar of Life partakes of the nature of sacrifice;—that all willing sacrifice is already of the Soul.

At the core of Life the Soul, the unknown lover, waits. Nothing so small but the heart of it harbours the Presence. The planets know it well; the ion is its chosen home; it sings in the corn, it aspires on every wing, but its goal and prize is Man,—Man the orphaned one. Divinely it yearns towards him, trembling into music in his heart. Since the heart of Man,—his source of Life,—is the interpreter of this Light, how blessed are we if we hearken to the aspirations and the inspirations of our hearts, and translate them into our daily actions.

J. W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

"Nan-yung Khû hereupon took with him some rations, and after seven days and seven nights arrived at the abode of Lâo-tsze, who said to him, 'Are you come from Khû's?' 'I am,' was the reply. 'And why, Sir, have you come with such a multitude of attendants?' Nan-yung was frightened, and turned his head round to look behind him."

Indirectly explaining his question, Lâo-tsze said to him afterwards: "Can you flee from the allurements of desire? Can you become a little child? . . . [*A little child*] *is calmly indifferent to things, and follows their current." In reply, Nan-yung asked, "And are these all the charactristics of the Perfect man?" Lâo-tsze replied, "No. These are what we call the breaking up of the ice, and the dissolving of the cold. . . . The Perfect man does not allow himself to be troubled by the consideration of advantage or injury coming from men and things; he does not . . . form plans, or enter on undertakings; he flees from the allurements of desire, and pursues his way with an entire simplicity. . . . He whose mind is thus grandly fixed emits a Heavenly light. In him who emits this Heavenly light men see the True man. When a man has cultivated himself up to this point, thenceforth he remains constant in himself. When he is thus constant in himself, what is merely the human element will leave him, but Heaven will help him. Those whom their human element has left we call the people of Heaven. Those whom Heaven helps we call the Sons of Heaven. Those who would by learning attain to this, seek for what they cannot learn."*—The Writings of Kwang-Tsze, *in "The Texts of Tâoism, Vol. II, pp.* 78-82.

PATANJALI'S YOGA SUTRAS

TRANSLATED WITH A COMMENTARY

BY

CHARLES JOHNSTON

LET it be clearly kept in mind that what is here to be related of the spiritual man, and his exalted powers, must in no wise be detached from what has gone before. The being, the very inception, of the spiritual man depends on the purification and moral attainment already detailed, and can in no wise dispense with these or curtail them.

Let no one imagine that the true life, the true powers of the spiritual man, can be attained by any way except the hard way of sacrifice, of trial, of renunciation, of selfless self-conquest and genuine devotion to the weal of all others. Only thus can the golden gates be reached and entered. Only thus can we attain to that pure world, wherein the spiritual man lives, and moves, and has his being. Nothing impure, nothing unholy can ever cross that threshold, least of all impure motives or self-seeking desires. These must be burnt away, before an entrance to that world can be gained.

But where there is light, there is shadow; and the lofty light of the soul casts upon the clouds of the mid-world the shadow of the spiritual man and of his powers; the bastard vesture and the bastard powers of psychism are easily attained; yet, even when attained, they are a delusion, the very essence of unreality.

Therefore ponder well the earlier rules, and lay a firm foundation of courage, sacrifice, selflessness, holiness.

TRANSLATION OF BOOK III, PART II.

28. Perfectly concentrated Meditation on the center of force in the lower trunk brings an understanding of the order of the bodily powers.

We are coming to a vitally important part of the teaching of Yoga: namely, the spiritual man's attainment of full self-consciousness, the awakening of the spiritual man as a self-conscious individual, behind and above the natural man. In this awakening, and in the process of gestation which precedes it, there is a close relation with the powers of the natural man, which are, in a certain sense, the projection outward and downward, of the powers of the spiritual man. This is notably true of that creative power of the spiritual man which, when embodied

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in the natural man, becomes the power of generation. Not only is this power the cause of the continuance of the bodily race of mankind, but further, in the individual, it is the key to the dominance of the personal life. Rising, as it were, through the life-channels of the body, it flushes the personality with physical force, and maintains and colors the illusion that the physical life is the dominant and all-important expression of life. In due time, when the spiritual man has begun to take form, the creative force will be drawn off, and become operative in building the body of the spiritual man, just as it has been operative in the building of physical bodies, through generation in the natural world.

Perfectly concentrated Meditation on the nature of this force means, first, that raising of the consciousness into the spiritual world, already described, which gives the one sure foothold for Meditation; and then, from that spiritual point of vantage, not only an insight into the creative force, in its spiritual and physical aspects, but also a gradually attained control of this wonderful force, which will mean its direction to the body of the spiritual man, and its gradual withdrawal from the body of the natural man, until the overpressure, so general and such a fruitful source of misery in our day, is abated, and purity takes the place of passion. This overpressure, which is the cause of so many evils and so much of human shame, is an abnormal, not a natural, condition. It is primarily due to spiritual blindness, to blindness regarding the spiritual man, and ignorance even of his existence; for by this blind ignorance are closed the channels through which, were they open, the creative force could flow into the body of the spiritual man, there building up an immortal vesture. There is no cure for blindness, with its consequent overpressure and attendant misery and shame, but spiritual vision, spiritual aspiration, sacrifice, the new birth from above. There is no other way to lighten the burden, to lift the misery and shame from human life. Therefore let us follow after sacrifice and aspiration, let us seek the light. In this way only shall we gain that insight into the order of the bodily powers, and that mastery of them, which this sûtra implies.

29. By perfectly concentrated Meditation on the center of force in the well of the throat, there comes the cessation of hunger and thirst.

We are continuing the study of the bodily powers and centers of force in their relation to the powers and forces of the spiritual man. We have already considered the dominant power of physical life, the creative power which secures the continuance of physical life; and, further, the manner in which, through aspiration and sacrifice, it is gradually raised and set to the work of upbuilding the body of the spiritual man. We come now to the dominant psychic force, that power which manifests itself in speech, and in virtue of which the voice may carry so much of the personal magnetism, endowing the orator with a tongue

of fire, magical in its power to arouse and rule the emotions of his hearers. This emotional power, this distinctively psychical force, is the cause of "hunger and thirst," the psychical hunger and thirst for sensations, which is the source of our two-sided life of emotionalism, with its hopes and fears, its expectations and memories, its desires and hates. The source of this psychical power, or, perhaps we should say, its center of activity in the physical body is said to be in the cavity of the throat. Thus, in the Taittirîya Upanishad it is written: "There is this shining ether in the inner being. Therein is the spiritual man, formed through thought, immortal, golden. Inward, in the palate, the organ that hangs down like a nipple,—this is the womb of Indra. And there, where the dividing of the hair turns, extending upward to the crown of the head."

Indra is the name given to the creative power of which we have spoken, and which, we are told, resides in "the organ which hangs down like a nipple, inward, in the palate."

30. By perfectly concentrated Meditation on the center of force in the channel called the "tortoise-formed," comes steadfastness.

We are concerned now with the center of nervous or psychical force below the cavity of the throat, in the chest, in which is felt the sensation of fear; the center, the disturbance of which sets the heart beating miserably with dread, or which produces that sense of terror through which the heart is said to stand still.

When the truth concerning fear is thoroughly mastered, through spiritual insight into the immortal, fearless life, then this force is perfectly controlled; there is no more fear, just as, through the control of the psychic power which works through the nerve-center in the throat, there comes a cessation of "hunger and thirst." Thereafter, these forces, or their spiritual prototypes, are turned to the building of the spiritual man.

Always, it must be remembered, the victory is first a spiritual one; only later does it bring control of the bodily powers.

31. Through perfectly concentrated Meditation on the light in the head comes the vision of the Masters who have attained.

The tradition is, that there is a certain center of force in the head, perhaps the "pineal gland," which some of our Western philosophers have supposed to be the dwelling of the soul,—a center which is, as it were, the doorway between the natural and the spiritual man. It is the seat of that better and wiser consciousness behind the outward looking consciousness in the forward part of the head; that better and wiser consciousness of "the back of the mind," which views spiritual things, and seeks to impress the spiritual view on the outward looking consciousness in the forward part of the head. It is the spiritual man seeking to guide the natural man, seeking to bring the natural man to

concern himself with the things of his immortality. This is suggested in the words of the Upanishad already quoted: "there, where the dividing of the hair turns, extending upward to the crown of the head"; all of which may sound very fantastical, until one comes to understand it.

It is said that when this power is fully awakened, it brings a vision of the great Companions of the spiritual man, those who have already attained, crossing over to the further shore of the sea of death and rebirth. Perhaps it is to this divine sight that the Master alluded, who is reported to have said: "I counsel you to buy of me eye-salve, that you may see." It is of this same vision of the great Companions, the children of light, that another seer wrote:

"Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

32. Or through the divining power of intuition he knows all things.

This is really the supplement, the spiritual side, of the sûtra just translated. Step by step, as the better consciousness, the spiritual view gains force in the back of the mind, so, in the same measure, the spiritual man is gaining the power to see: learning to open the spiritual eyes. When the eyes are fully opened, the spiritual man beholds the great Companions standing about him; he has begun to "know all things."

This divining power of intuition is the power which lies above and behind the so-called rational mind; the rational mind formulates a question and lays it before the intuition, which gives a real answer, often immediately distorted by the rational mind, yet always embodying a kernel of truth. It is by this process, through which the rational mind brings questions to the intuition for solution, that the truths of science are reached, the flashes of discovery and genius. But this higher power need not work in subordination to the so-called rational mind, it may act directly, as full illumination, "the vision and the faculty divine."

33. By perfectly concentrated Meditation on the heart, the interior being, comes the knowledge of consciousness.

The heart here seems to mean, as it so often does in the Upanishads, the interior, spiritual nature, the consciousness of the spiritual man, which is related to the heart, and to the wisdom of the heart. By steadily seeking after, and finding, the consciousness of the spiritual man, by coming to consciousness as the spiritual man, a perfect knowledge of consciousness will be attained. For the consciousness of the spiritual

man has this divine quality: while being and remaining a truly individual consciousness, it at the same time flows over, as it were, and blends with the Divine Consciousness above and about it, the consciousness of the great Companions; and by showing itself to be one with the Divine Consciousness, it reveals the nature of all consciousness, the secret that all consciousness is One and Divine.

34. **The personal self seeks to feast on life, through a failure to perceive the distinction between the personal self and the spiritual man. All personal experience really exists for the sake of another: namely, the spiritual man.**

By perfectly concentrated Meditation on experience for the sake of the Self, comes a knowledge of the spiritual man.

The divine ray of the Higher Self, which is eternal, impersonal and abstract, descends into life, and forms a personality, which, through the stress and storm of life, is hammered into a definite and concrete self-conscious individuality. The problem is, to blend these two powers, taking the eternal and spiritual being of the first, and blending with it, transferring into it, the self-conscious individuality of the second; and thus bringing to life a third being, the spiritual man, who is heir to the immortality of his father, the Higher Self, and yet has the self-conscious, concrete individuality of his other parent, the personal self. This is the true immaculate conception, the new birth from above, "conceived of the Holy Spirit"; of this new birth it is said: "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit: ye must be born again."

Rightly understood, therefore, the whole life of the personal man is for another, not for himself. He exists only to render his very life and all his experience for the building up of the spiritual man. Only through failure to see this, does he seek enjoyment for himself, seek to secure the feasts of life for himself; not understanding that he must live for the other, live sacrificially, offering both feasts and his very being on the altar; giving himself as a contribution for the building of the spiritual man. When he does understand this, and lives for the Higher Self, setting his heart and thought on the Higher Self, then his sacrifice bears divine fruit, the spiritual man is built up, consciousness awakes in him, and he comes fully into being as a divine and immortal individuality.

35. **Thereupon are born the divining power of intuition, and the hearing, the touch, the vision, the taste and the power of smell of the spiritual man.**

When, in virtue of the perpetual sacrifice of the personal man, daily and hourly giving his life for his divine brother the spiritual man, and through the radiance ever pouring down from the Higher Self, eternal in the Heavens, the spiritual man comes to birth, there awake in him those powers whose physical counterparts we know in the personal man.

The spiritual man begins to see, to hear, to touch, to taste. And, besides, the senses of the spiritual man, there awakes his mind, that divine counterpart of the mind of the physical man, the power of direct and immediate knowledge, the power of spiritual intuition, of divination. This power, as we have seen, owes its virtue to the unity, the continuity, of consciousness, whereby whatever is known to any consciousness, is knowable by any other consciousness. Thus the consciousness of the spiritual man, who lives above our narrow barriers of separateness, is in intimate touch with the consciousness of the great Companions, and can draw on that vast reservoir for all real needs. Thus arises within the spiritual man certain knowledge which is called intuition, divination, illumination.

36. These powers stand in contradistinction to the highest spiritual vision. In manifestation they are called magical powers.

The present translator is not quite certain of the meaning of the difficult sentence of which the above is offered as a translation. It appears to be this: The divine man is destined to supersede the spiritual man, as the spiritual man supersedes the natural man. Then the disciple becomes a Master. The opened powers of the spiritual man, spiritual vision, hearing, and touch, stand, therefore, in contradistinction to the higher divine power above them, and must in no wise be regarded as the end of the way, for the path has no end, but rises ever to higher and higher glories; the soul's growth and splendor have no limit. So that, if the spiritual powers we have been considering are regarded as in any sense final, they are a hindrance, a barrier to the far higher powers of the divine man. But viewed from below, from the standpoint of normal physical experience, they are powers truly magical; as the powers natural to a four-dimensional being will appear magical to a three-dimensional being.

37. Through the weakening of the causes of bondage, and by learning the method of passing, the consciousness is transferred to the other body.

In due time, after the spiritual man has been formed and grown stable through the forces and virtues already enumerated, and after the senses of the spiritual man have awaked, there comes the transfer of the dominant consciousness, the sense of individuality, from the physical to the spiritual man. Thereafter the physical man is felt to be a secondary, a subordinate, an instrument through whom the spiritual man works; and the spiritual man is felt to be the real individuality. This is, in a sense, the attainment of full salvation and immortal life; yet it is not the final goal or resting place, but only the beginning of the greater way.

The means for this transfer are described as the weakening of the causes of bondage, and an understanding of the method of passing from the one consciousness to the other. The first may also be described as

detachment, and comes from the conquest of the delusion that the personal self is the real man. When that delusion abates and is held in check, the finer consciousness of the spiritual man begins to shine in the background of the mind. The transfer of the sense of individuality to this finer consciousness, and thus to the spiritual man, then becomes a matter of recollection, of attention; primarily, a matter of taking a deeper interest in the life and doings of the spiritual man, than in the pleasures or occupations of the personality. Therefore it is said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

38. Through mastery of the upward-life comes freedom from the dangers of water, morass, and thorny places, and the power of ascension is gained.

Here is one of the sentences, so characteristic of this author, and, indeed, of the Eastern spirit, in which there is an obvious exterior meaning, and, within this, a clear interior meaning, not quite so obvious, but far more vital.

The surface meaning is, that by mastery of a certain power, called here the upward-life, and akin to levitation, there comes the ability to walk on water, or to pass over thorny places without wounding the feet.

But there is a deeper meaning. When we speak of the disciple's path as a path of thorns, we use a symbol; and the same symbol is used here. The upward-life means something more than the power, often manifested in abnormal psychical experiences, of levitating the physical body, or near-by physical objects. It means the strong power of aspiration, of upward will, which first builds, and then awakes the spiritual man, and finally transfers the conscious individuality to him; for it is he who passes safely over the waters of death and rebirth, and is not pierced by the thorns in the path. Therefore it is said that he who would tread the path of power must look for a home in the air, and afterwards in the ether.

Of the upward-life, this is written in the Katha Upanishad: "A hundred and one are the heart's channels; of these one passes to the crown. Going up by this, he comes to the immortal." This is the power of ascension spoken of in the sûtra.

39. By mastery of the binding-life comes radiance.

In the Upanishads, it is said that this binding-life unites the upward-life to the downward-life, and these lives have their analogues in the "vital breaths" in the body. The thought in the text seems to be, that, when the personality is brought thoroughly under the control of the

spiritual man, through the life-currents which bind them together, the personality is endowed with a new force, a strong personal magnetism, one might call it, such as is often an appanage of genius.

But the text seems to mean more than this, and to have in view the "vesture of the color of the sun" attributed by the Upanishads to the spiritual man; that vesture which a disciple has thus described: "The Lord shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body"; perhaps "body of radiance" would better translate the Greek.

In both these passages, the teaching seems to be, that the body of the full-grown spiritual man is radiant or luminous,—for those, at least, who have anointed their eyes with eye-salve, so that they see.

40. From perfectly concentrated Meditation on the correlation of hearing and the ether, comes the power of spiritual hearing.

Physical sound, we are told, is carried by the air, or by water, iron, or some medium on the same plane of substance But there is a finer hearing, whose medium of transmission would seem to be the ether; perhaps not that ether which carries light, heat and magnetic waves, but, it may be, the far finer ether through which the power of gravity works. For, while light or heat or magnetic waves, travelling from the sun to the earth, take eight minutes for the journey, it is mathematically certain that the pull of gravitation does not take as much as eight seconds, or even the eighth of a second. The pull of gravitation travels, it would seem "as quick as thought"; so it may well be that, in thought transference or telepathy the thoughts travel by the same way, carried by the same "thought-swift" medium.

The transfer of a word by telepathy is the simplest and earliest form of the "divine hearing" of the spiritual man; as that power grows, and as, through perfectly concentrated Meditation, the spiritual man comes into more complete mastery of it, he grows able to hear and clearly distinguish the speech of the great Companions, who counsel and comfort him on his way. They may speak to him either in wordless thoughts, or in perfectly definite words and sentences.

41. By perfectly concentrated Meditation on the correlation of the body with the ether, and by thinking of it as light as thistle-down, will come the power to traverse the ether.

It has been said that he who would tread the path of power must look for a home in the air, and afterwards in the ether. This would seem to mean, besides the constant injunction to detachment, that he must be prepared to inhabit first a psychic, and then an etheric body; the former being the body of dreams; the latter, the body of the spiritual man, when he wakes up on the other side of dreamland. The gradual accustoming of the consciousness to its new etheric vesture, its gradual

acclimatisation, so to speak, in the etheric body of the spiritual man, is what our text seems to contemplate.

42. When that condition of consciousness is reached, which is far-reaching and not confined to the body, which is outside the body and not conditioned by it, then the veil which conceals the light is worn away.

Perhaps the best comment on this is afforded by the words of Paul: "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

The condition is, briefly, that of the awakened spiritual man, who sees and hears beyond the veil.

43. Mastery of the elements comes from perfectly concentrated Meditation on their five forms: the gross, the elemental, the subtle, the pervading, the essential or objective.

These five forms are analogous to those recognized by modern physics: solid, liquid, gaseous, radiant and ionic. When the piercing vision of the awakened spiritual man is directed to the forms of matter, from within, as it were, from behind the scenes, then perfect mastery over the "beggarly elements" is attained. This is, perhaps, equivalent to the injunction: "Inquire of the earth, the air, and the water, of the secrets they hold for you. The development of your inner senses will enable you to do this."

44. Thereupon will come the manifestation of the atomic and other powers, which are the endowment of the body, together with its unassailable force.

The body in question is, of course, the etheric body of the spiritual man. It is said to possess eight powers: the atomic, the power of assimilating himself with the nature of the atom, which will, perhaps, involve the power to disintegrate material forms; the power of levitation; the power of limitless extension; the power of boundless reach, so that, as the commentator says, "he can touch the moon with the tip of his finger"; the power to accomplish his will; the power of gravitation, the correlative of levitation; the power of command; the power of creative will. These are the endowments of the spiritual man. Further, the spiritual body is unassailable. Fire burns it not, water wets it not, the sword cleaves it not, dry winds parch it not. And, it is said, the spiritual man can impart something of this quality and temper to his bodily vesture.

45. Shapeliness, beauty, force, the temper of the diamond: these are the endowments of that body.

The spiritual man is shapely, beautiful, strong, firm as the diamond. Therefore it is written: "These things saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire, and his feet are like fine brass: He that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and I will give him the morning star."

46. Mastery over the powers of perception and action comes through perfectly concentrated Meditation on their fivefold forms; namely, their power to grasp, their distinctive nature, the element of self-consciousness in them, their pervasiveness, and their objectivity.

Take, for example, sight. This possesses, first, the power to grasp, apprehend, perceive; second, it has its distinctive form of perception; that is, visual perception; third, it always carries with its operations self-consciousness, the thought: "I perceive"; fourth, sight has the power of extension through the whole field of vision, even to the utmost star; fifth, it presents its reports as something objective to consciousness. So with the other senses. Perfectly concentrated Meditation on each sense, a viewing it from behind and within, as is possible for the spiritual man, brings a mastery of the scope and true character of each sense, and of the world on which they report collectively.

47. Thence come the power swift as thought, independence of instruments, and mastery over matter.

We are further enumerating the endowments of the spiritual man. Among these is the power to traverse space with the swiftness of thought, so that whatever place the spiritual man thinks of, to that he goes, in that place he already is. Thought has now become his means of locomotion. He is, therefore, independent of instruments, and can bring his force to bear directly, wherever he wills.

48. When the spiritual man is perfectly disentangled from the psychic body, he attains to mastery over all things and to a knowledge of all.

The spiritual man is enmeshed in the web of the emotions: desire, fear, ambition, passion; and impeded by the mental forms of separateness and materialism. When these meshes are sundered, these obstacles completely overcome, then the spiritual man stands forth in his own wide world, strong, mighty, wise. He uses divine powers, with a divine scope and energy, working together with divine Companions. To such a one it is said: "Thou art now a disciple, able to stand, able to hear, able to see, able to speak, thou hast conquered desire and attained to

self-knowledge, thou hast seen thy soul in its bloom and recognized it, and heard the voice of the silence."

49. By absence of all self-indulgence at this point, also, the seeds of bondage to sorrow are destroyed, and pure spiritual being is attained.

The seeking of indulgence for the personal self, whether through passion or ambition, sows the seed of future sorrow. For this self-indulgence of the personality is a double sin against the real; a sin against the cleanness of life, and a sin against the universal being, which permits no exclusive particular good, since, in the real, all spiritual possessions are held in common. This twofold sin brings its reacting punishment, its confining bondage to sorrow. But ceasing from self-indulgence brings purity, liberation, spiritual life.

50. There should be complete overcoming of allurement or pride in the invitations of the different regions of life, lest attachment to things evil arise once more.

The commentator tells us that disciples, seekers for union, are of four degrees: first, those who are entering the path; second, those who are in the realm of allurements; third, those who have won the victory over matter and the senses; fourth, those who stand firm in pure spiritual life. To the second, especially, the caution in the text is addressed. More modern teachers would express the same truth by a warning against the delusions and fascinations of the psychic realm, which open around the disciple, as he breaks through into the unseen worlds. These are the dangers of the anteroom. Safety lies in passing on swiftly into the inner chamber. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

51. From perfectly concentrated Meditation on the divisions of time and their succession comes that wisdom which is born of discernment.

The Upanishads say of the liberated that "he has passed beyond the triad of time"; he no longer sees life as projected into past, present and future, since these are forms of the mind; but beholds all things spread out in the quiet light of the Eternal. This would seem to be the same thought, and to point to that clear-eyed spiritual perception which is above time; that wisdom born of the unveiling of Time's delusion. Then shall the disciple live neither in the present nor the future, but in the Eternal.

52. Hence comes discernment between things which are of like nature, not distinguished by difference of kind, character or position.

Here, as also in the preceding sûtra, we are close to the Kantian

doctrine that distinctions of order, time and space are creations of the mind; the threefold prism through which the thing-in-itself appears to us distorted and refracted. When the prism is withdrawn the thing-in-itself returns to its primal unity, no longer distinguishable by the mind, yet clearly knowable by that high power of spiritual discernment, of illumination, which is above the mind.

53. The wisdom which is born of discernment is starlike; it discerns all things, and all conditions of things, it discerns without succession: simultaneously.

That wisdom, that intuitive, divining power is starlike, says the commentator, because it shines with its own light, because it rises on high, and illumines all things. Nought is hid from it, whether things past, things present, or things to come; for it is beyond the threefold form of time, so that all things are spread before it together, in the single light of the divine. This power has been beautifully described by Columba: "Some there are, though very few, to whom Divine grace has granted this: that they can clearly and most distinctly see, at one and the same moment, as though under one ray of the sun, even the entire circuit of the whole world with its surroundings of ocean and sky, the inmost part of their mind being marvelously enlarged."

54. When the vesture and the spiritual man are alike pure, then perfect spiritual life is attained.

The vesture, says the commentator, must first be washed pure of all stains of passion and darkness, and the seeds of future sorrow must be burned up utterly. Then, both the vesture and the wearer of the vesture being alike pure, the spiritual man enters into perfect spiritual life.

Thus are described the birth, the growth, the powers and endowments of the spiritual man, with that high state to which, through purity, he attains.

(*To be continued.*)

"Infinite Pity, yet also infinite rigour of Law!—It is so Nature is made. But a man who does not know rigour, cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egoistic—sentimentality or little better."

CARLYLE.

THE ORDEAL

I HAD gone to bed tired after a long day of exacting work, and I had reached that borderland, between waking life and sleep, where the life currents begin to flow in soft and regular waves, when the mind's activity is stilled and when the field of consciousness is dim and faint. Suddenly I felt the Power. From some deep recess of my being it welled and flowed in ever-increasing volume. I knew the Master was at hand for that is a sign of his appearance. Steadily it rose until my whole being thrilled with its vibrant life. To this point I had often gone before, for it was an accustomed experience, but this time it continued with augmenting force until I had to hold myself together by act of will, for its mighty waves threatened to ingulf my consciousness.

Then, out of the darkness and silence within, came a voice which said "Thy hour has struck! Summon thy forces and come with me—unresisting."

"Master," I replied, "thou art the force upon which I have relied, and thou art here. What other forces can I summon?"

"My son, I may not help thee in the ordeal now before thee. Thy own power must be thy sole resource. It is for this hour that I have been training thee for years and thou wilt find, I trust, that the anguish thou hast endured so patiently will bear rich fruit. But the Brethren await. Come!"

I felt a thrill of pain shoot through me, like the breaking of adhesions which bind a stiff joint or muscle; then a sensation of movement, as if slipping out of some old wrappings, and in an instant I was standing free. I could not see, but I could feel a light and life surrounding me which gave me courage. Then the Master took my hand and again said. "Come!" A sensation of incredibly rapid motion followed for a short time, and then I found myself at rest, alone. I knew the Master had left me to face whatever might betide. For a few seconds, as we reckon time, during which I tried to calm my anxious mind, dismiss my growing sense of apprehension, and quiet the beating of my heart, all was dark and still. I waited expectantly, and all the stories I had read of the trials and tests of disciples came streaming into my mind. I did not know whether to expect some sudden call upon my strength and courage, or some long drawn out strain on faith or love. The activity of my mind increased from moment to moment until it flew wildly from thought to thought, which came crowding into the field of consciousness so fast as to tumble over one another. I endeavored to curb this useless and distracting jumble, but found that it was beyond my strength. I could not concentrate my mind. I tried to force myself

to think of the Master, to repeat prayers or bits of the devotional book I love; but some power greater than my own was pushing these other thoughts into my mind. That gave me a clue to what was happening. I kept up my efforts to stop the flow of outside thoughts; I resisted all I could; and I watched and waited. I soon noticed that the thoughts began to change their nature. At first they had been about the tests and trials of the neophyte, which, after all, was appropriate enough to the occasion. Although preventing concentration at least they were comparatively harmless. Soon, however, they took on a distinct quality, a purely personal note, difficult to describe. It was no longer general recollections, but what was going to happen to *me:* would I succeed; were my fellow disciples going through the same test, would I do better than they did; would they fail and would I succeed; or by chance would they succeed and would I fail? Then followed envious, jealous thoughts: I remembered all their faults, my mind became a cesspool of objectionable ideas, tending to glorify myself at the expense of others. This went on until I was horrified at my ability to give countenance to such a mass of uncharitableness. Then suddenly my heart sank with horror as I discovered that this hideous maelstrom was all of my own creation. I recognized all these thoughts as my own, and I remembered when and where I had given many of them birth. But this consciousness brought its own remedy, for my very horror enabled me to rally my will, and I forced my mind to receive and hold thoughts of an opposite character. I remembered my kindly feelings, my hopes for my fellow disciples, my desire for their success, my efforts to help them, the many ways in which they were superior to me, their special virtues and excellences of character and soul. For a time, it seemed to me a long time, my mind was a battle ground of these contending thoughts, my own creations; and the good and generous battalions won. They gradually met and pushed out of my consciousness every unkind, envious or jealous thought that sought entrance, and I knew that the first test had been passed.

The conscious strain relaxed and I had time to breathe freely and to wait the next onslaught of the enemy, which I now knew was only the other part of myself. Soon I got the clue to the direction from which the attack would come, and I trembled, but braced myself for what I felt was to happen.

Into my mind began to pour a frightful stream of sensual thoughts; every evil and prurient story I had ever heard or read, every lewd sight or picture, every coarse or impure feeling, every experience I had ever lived that was tinged with this poison. And this time it was not merely thought, but the curtain of darkness which had walled me round, gradually lightened and, as if by some perfect cinematoscope, picture after picture was thrown into relief in vivid colors and with living forms. I knew the things were not real, were but reproductions of my own past

fancies and imaginings, but they looked real and were indescribably vivid and alluring.

The series went on for an interminable time, as did the thoughts that accompanied them. I knew that I must keep myself *separate* from them, that I must preserve my consciousness of being outside and different from them, while at the same time I knew that they were my own past creations. I knew that if for one single instant I lost my sense of individuality and thought one of these thoughts in the sense of identifying myself with it, I would be lost. If for an infinitessimal part of a second, one of them became *my* thought, instead of a phantasmagoria conjured out of the past, I would have failed.

I knew, too, that the only protection against this failure was my own past efforts to purify my mind and heart; the countless times I had deliberately and consciously expelled impure thoughts and throttled impure desires; the power created by self-imposed discipline; by acts of denial, restraint and control. My will was, for the time, the plaything of those contending forces, and I a frightened and ashamed spectator of the struggle.

But again the higher won. The whole mass of evil forces seemed to concentrate into a final image of the most indescribable and alluring beauty, and when that failed to move me, the whole vile crew faded away and again for some moments I was left in peace.

The silence lasted longer than before and for quite awhile I had no indication of what the next trial would be. I grew uneasy, restless, troubled. I wondered if there was something I should do. My uneasiness increased; I grew afraid; I felt cold chills chase each other up my spine. I felt an evil force surrounding me that grew and grew. Vague forms of horror, awful shapes, suggestions of fearsome things, intangible ideas of terror, floated before my mind's eye. What, thought I, had I to summon from my past, to do battle with this new enemy? I searched my consciousness in vain; this was a new experience. And then I knew that this was not a negative struggle like the other two. I was not a mere spectator, waiting the issue of a fight between contending forces. This time it was a battle between me and the forces of evil in the world. I, the real inner I, was an active, not a passive participant. The thought increased my terror, but served to stimulate my will. As if in response to my resistance, the power opposing me seemed to double in volume and intensity. It surrounded me on all sides, and hemmed me in, coming closer and ever closer, until I had a feeling of being stifled. My heart beat wildly, sweat streamed from every pore, and my breath came in deep irregular gasps. I knew I could not keep up such an effort long.

Then gradually, out of the darkness, a face took shape and became clearer and clearer and approached nearer and nearer; a face of such indescribable malignity, such relentless cruelty, such cold intelligence,

such irresistible will, that I screamed with terror. I could feel my blood and brain slowly freeze. The wall of evil crushed down upon me more and more. I became frantic, mad, as those burning eyes approached. For one wild instant I tried to *ignore* the presence, as I had once heard a disciple advised to do, and I fancied I saw a gleam of amusement pass over the calm of that icy countenance. I ignore it? Ye gods!

Nearer and nearer it came until the pressure ate into my very soul and turned my will to water. A merciful oblivion began to steal over me, and yet I knew that if it overpowered me I would be lost. My very consciousness grew dim. I can only describe it by saying that my light began to go *out*. I knew it was the end.

I shrieked wildly to my Master for help; and yet I knew that he could not respond. I knew that I, alone, had to fight and conquer that awful power, and I knew that it could sweep me aside as a whirlwind scatters autumn leaves. I was lost. Some weakness in the past, some lack of preparation, some failure of strength or will, left me defenseless, and I wondered why my Master, knowing this, had brought me to the test. Then instantly I knew that this could not be true. That somewhere, somehow, there was a power that was superior to this, that could combat it, could sweep it aside as easily as it could demolish me. This thought gave me strength to think. I knew that the good powers in the universe were stronger than the evil powers: I knew that these good powers would help me if I let them, if I gave them a means by which they could manifest. So gathering all my remaining strength of body, mind and soul, I made one, wild, desperate effort, inward and upward, to reach this ocean of beneficent Power. There was an instant of exquisite agony, a rush of mighty forces, a blinding light, and— I broke through. The evil forces disappeared as if by magic and I heard the sound of my Master's voice, saying, "Well done." Strains of triumphal music filled my ears. I lay, face downward, too weak to move, on the steps of an altar, before which stood my Master. He had been within three feet of me during all this awful time. At each side, were seated many of his august companions, while behind me, as I afterwards discovered, were scores upon scores of the lesser brethren, filling the body of the room.

But what followed I may not reveal. The first two tests I have described are the third and fourth through which the neophyte must pass. The last one belongs to a different category.

MEN-TEK-NIS.

THEOSOPHY AND SECULAR LITERATURE

V

Goethe's Faust

GOETHE was one day fretting with Eckermann because people were persistently sending letters to inquire what idea he meant to embody in his poem. "From heaven, through the world, to hell would be something," he exclaimed. His words are suggestive. The *Faust* presents some of the experience of the great orphan, man; it depicts acts and scenes along the Way that leads out from Eternity back to Eternity. This dramatic poem, issuing out of the eighteenth century only a few years after the death of Burke in 1797, sets forth another portion of truth that humanity needs. In his much needed work in defense of government and order against revolutionists, Burke often becomes over-zealous, and sees these things as ends. With all his splendid gifts Burke had not the saving comic sense, and sometimes is ludicrous in his denunciation of opinions different from his own. Goethe follows upon Burke as a timely corrective; for, by showing that evil has a disciplinary value, he implies that good is not its own end.

Goethe takes as hero of his drama a man of aspiration who is stumbling along the way. The poet's object of course is to bring his hero forward to the journey's end, and he can accomplish this only by showing that there is a divine sanction, as it were, for sin. "All steps are necessary to make up the ladder. The vices of men become steps in the ladder, one by one, as they are surmounted" ["I cried to the Lord, saying, 'Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit those evils?' and the Lord answered, 'That it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions, how else should I speak to all conditions!' and in this I saw the infinite love of God." *George Fox's Journal*]. Aspiration will bring man to evil and through it: "Man will err, so long as he struggles onward" (*Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt*). But "a man of earnest endeavor through all defeat and dismay believes steadfastly in the right outcome of his effort." Sin is thus not a fixed Satanic principle, but mistaken strokes of the prentice as he learns to master his tool. This, Goethe declared, is the central thought of the drama, and he puts the message upon the lips of angels.

> Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
> Den können wir erlösen.

Goethe found his theme suggested in the Old Testament drama,

Job. His purpose was to make a new application of the principles that are there clearly enunciated, but that are not always appreciated. The unknown author of *Job* was bold enough to make evil the means by which the patriarch is brought to God. Job, the lordly dweller in the land, had long worshipped the God of his fathers in all punctiliousness, and deserved, he thought, good treatment in return. But that traditional and national god was not a Reality to Job—only a word sounding in his ears. Cast out from sleek comfort, and brought to face suffering and sorrow, Job curses the Master of the show who

> plays
> Upon this chequer-board of Nights and Days:
> Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
> And one by one back in the Closet lays.

Not till he has broken his god of tradition, and ceased from his god of rhetoric does God fire Job's heart. The bitter experience with evil is the travail pain out of which comes forth the new creature that sees God with its eye. In a brief "Prologue in Heaven" Goethe skillfully recalls the Old Testament drama, and hints at the final victory of the modern Job whom Jehovah now gives over to be tested by *"his servant,"* Mephistopheles. "I do not hate you and your fellows," Jehovah good-humoredly says to his imp.

Herr Faust, Doctor and Professor, is a type of the eighteenth century in its triumph which is failure. The philosophers of the éclaircissement taught that man was to find his duties and pleasures within the "flaming ramparts of the world"—in a very definite universe that had imposed no infinite obligations upon its rational creature. Dr. Faust has for years devoted himself arduously to study of "things and the mind,"

> Philosophy, Law, Medicine,
> And Theology as well!

He has freed himself from all fear of hell and the devil, and, after much toil of ingathering, he sits down now to a "Feast of Pure Reason." But he finds his banquet nothing more than mummy skins and corpse bones. A true eighteenth century mind, a "Benthamee," Carlyle would say, would find satisfaction if not nourishment in that repast. Dr. Faust is more than an eighteenth century rationalist. "Two opposing natures dwell within me, and each seeks to be freed from the other's restraint." His higher nature revolts, protests against the mind and its limitations, and stretches lame hands toward unseen heights he cannot reach.

> O for wings to lift me from cold earth
> And bear me to the fire-hearted sun.

For Dr. Faust, as for Dante, the road sunward is longer than he thinks and different. He has for some time been at work upon a translation of the New Testament, and has accomplished his task as far as the fourth Gospel. The very first sentence of St. John perplexes him. As a higher critic he feels that the traditional writing, *logos,* is incorrect, and must be amended. It is not rational to think "the Word" was "in the beginning." He considers various readings which seem more rational, and concludes that what St. John really wrote is this: "In the beginning was *the tangible Deed* (im Anfang war die *That*). As he contentedly thus writes down his translation, Mephistopheles of the prologue steps forth into the room, in the guise of a scholar. In answer to the professor's query after his name, he replies: "I am the spirit of negation." The professor is to learn his lessons with this master, a debased Vergil, as it were, who has been cast out from the service of Beatrice.

Their compact is simple. The professor is weary of books. Cultivation of the intellect has ended in intellectual paralysis. Arduous investigations have brought dust and ashes to the scholar. He requests Mephistopheles to take him out among men where he can live their lives, learning their joys and pains. He hopes he may somehow escape the prison of himself by making their experiences his own—win a certain enlargement by bringing their personalities into his own. He does not expect happiness from this, but a sensation less deadening than his former life afforded. The compact is made. The devil pledges himself to serve all the doctor's whims, and makes but one small proviso: the moment Faust finds satisfaction and joy in the new life, that moment their relation changes—Faust must then serve the devil.

Several scenes follow and culminate in the Gretchen episode. They are so vivid that they are read by many as the cantos of the *Inferno* are read—in forgetfulness that they are details of a whole. The picturesque contrast of a red-suited fiend and yellow-haired innocence at the spinning-wheel has given rise to a belief that the Gretchen tragedy was Goethe's goal. It is only one experience—a finely executed episode—planned by Mephistopheles. The drunken revelry in Auerbach's Keller had no attraction for Faust, and Mephistopheles then arranged a love affair; his hope was by this early to capture his victim, or, perhaps, to lead Faust, through remorse, to suicide. One line of the Gretchen episode is significant. As Faust foresees the consequences of his act, he exclaims: "This victim is a sacrifice to Hell." The intrigue does not end as the devil expects. Instead of contentment or remorse there is repentance, and a rising to life on a higher level.

The death of Gretchen ends *Part One; Part Two* begins with the repentance and the after life. Very many years intervened between the writing of these two parts. Goethe wrote the second part shortly before his death in 1832, *senza amore;* he was driven to it by admiring friends who esteemed his powers greater than he knew them to be. Goethe was

unable to carry out the design he had partly outlined, so that the diffuse, wearisome and fantastic *Part Two* is little more than *poudre aux yeux*. Carlyle and others try to find subtle symbolism in its mad imagery. Occasionally, a fragment in this barbaric hodge-podge suggests large and great things. The dialogue about the "Mothers" is such. Goethe uses that symbol for those forces or beings that are familiar to us through Plato—the archetypal Ideas. "They (the mothers) are Goddesses who sit nobly enthroned in solitude. No space surrounds them, nor does time have existence there...To mortal men they are wholly unknown, and even beings higher than men, think and speak of them with difficulty. No road leads to their august abode. For they dwell in an untrod land which no foot shall ever tread. Who enters that strange land, sees nothing before his eyes, has no sound in his ears, nor any ground beneath his feet." "Yet," Faust replies to his companion, "in that strange and vacant land I shall find the All of things." Literary folk find much of interest in the marriage of Faust to Helen of Troy; they say this represents the union in Goethe of classical and romantic art. The boy Euphorion, born of that marriage, somehow stands for Lord Byron. So, one student after another has left an obligation to put meaning into the many thousand lines. In truth, they were never articulated, and contribute nothing to the allegory. Phantasmagoria!

Toward the end of the last act Goethe takes up threads again, and puts in a few pages all that he was able to tell of the continued journey. The two companions have travelled over earth, and the compact still holds. Faust's one hundredth year finds him lord of a large domain. One area of this domain is worthless on account of the breaking of the sea; a pestilent swamp mars another tract. The aged landlord is eager that his laborers shall complete two great projects—a dike to exclude the sea, and trenches to drain the marsh. The significant thing about Faust's enthusiasm is this: He knows he shall receive no profit from these improvements; he makes them *for the benefit of others* whom he shall never see. He stands in extreme feebleness on the terrace directing the work. The flown years fly again through his mind. He contrasts his lively interest in things of earth with his former desire to fly from the world toward the fire-hearted sun. He pictures the thousands who will live through his labors. Contemplation of their activity brings the fatal words to his lips. "This is joy indeed," he murmurs, and in murmuring falls to the ground. *Service for others* brings deliverance from the devil. For as Mephistopheles rushes forward, at those words, to claim his due, he finds only a corpse; and hosts of angels fill the air, bearing off Faust's spirit.

Goethe said he could close his drama no otherwise than through the imagery of the Church. He models the last scene of all upon mediæval frescoes. In this scene there is a shadow of resemblance between Goethe's symbols and Dante's. The angels fly with Faust's spirit to

a steep mountain filled with holy folk who toil toward the summit. Suddenly the Blessed Virgin hovers over the mount, and one of her attendants, Gretchen, prays that the new born Faust may be entrusted to her for instruction in the new life. The petition is granted, and the spirits ascend to the new life of the spheres. As they disappear, voices there above chant a mystic chorus: "All visible things are types and symbols of real things unseen."

Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichnis;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereignis.

Goethe's failure is unmistakable. His poem, vaguely conceived, and very imperfectly executed, comes to an end with the birth of the spiritual nature, the heavenly man. He indeed suggests that there is a new plane of experience for the heavenly man. But the thought seems never to have entered his mind that he should write a third part to his poem for setting forth the new life. If he had had the intention, the confusion of *Part Two* is surely warrant for saying he could never have brought his design to execution.

There is another significant thing in the *Faust* that has not been mentioned—its magic. Many romantic writers, as Hawthorne and Poe, have told strange tales of occult doings. Things occult interest them because they are picturesque and startling. They have no more understanding of occult laws and forces than other artists have of things divine when they add Zeus or Venus as charming ornaments to picture or poem. Goethe is not of that number. His magic is more than picturesque. He seems to have won knowledge of the "hidden unity in the Eternal Being," to have been familiar with the idea of a Planetary Spirit, and other occult tenets. Every one remembers from *Sartor Resartus* the words of the *Erdgeist* to Faust.

In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of the Living:
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by.

This finer knowledge comes after long discipline in the spiritual life, we are taught. A mark of spirituality is constructiveness. One cannot

say that Goethe's life was constructed.* And that mark, as rhetorical structure, is not upon his works—*Faust* in verse, *Wilhelm Meister* in prose. His occult knowledge seems then illegitimate gain. It brings to mind sentences from *Esoteric Buddhism.* "The 'progress toward absolute evil,' arrested by the cataclysms of each race in turn, sets in with the acquisition, by means of ordinary intellectual research and scientific advancement, of those powers over Nature which accrue even now in adeptship from the premature development of higher faculties than those we ordinarily employ...It is enough to say that they [the powers] are such as cannot but be dangerous to society generally, and provocative of all manner of crimes which would utterly defy detection, if possessed by persons capable of regarding them as anything else but a profoundly sacred trust. Now some of these powers are simply the practical application of obscure forces of Nature, susceptible of discovery in the course of ordinary scientific progress...Such powers in the hands of persons willing to use them for merely selfish and unscrupulous ends, must not only be productive of social disaster, but also for the persons who hold them, of progress in the direction of that evilly-spiritual exaltation, which is a far more terrible result than suffering and inconvenience in this world." Is Goethe a type of those who through sheer intellect, divorced from spiritual aspiration, "progress toward absolute evil"? Emerson seems to have answered affirmatively when he wrote that Goethe was "incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment." "I dare not say that Goethe ascended to the highest grounds from which genius has spoken. He has not worshipped the highest unity; he is incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment. There are nobler strains in poetry than any he has sounded. There are writers poorer in talent, whose tone is purer and more touches the heart. Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth; but to truth for the sake of culture. He has no aims less large than the conquest of universal nature, of universal truth, to be his portion: a man not to be bribed, nor deceived, nor overawed; of a stoical self-command and self-denial, and having one test for all men,—*What can you teach me?* All possessions are valued by him for that only; rank, privileges, health, time, Being itself."

C.

* Consider, in contrast, this passage from George Fox's *Journal.* "Great things did the Lord lead me into, and wonderful depths were opened unto me, beyond what can by words be declared; but as people come into subjection to the Spirit of God, and grow up in the image and power of the Almighty, they may receive the Word of wisdom that opens all things, and come to know the hidden unity in the Eternal Being."

WILLIAM SHARP=FIONA MACLEOD

IN the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1907, there appeared an account of a curious case of double personality, as studied by Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, who called his book *The Dissociation of a Personality*. The personality in question was that of a young lady of 23, an extremely delicate person of neurotic heredity and very unhappy childhood, who seemed at intervals to be possessed by not one, but *four* different intelligences, who completely monopolised the "real Miss Beauchamp's" consciousness, and only after a long struggle of some six years, were the intruders finally expelled by the aid of a complicated system of hypnotism and suggestion.

And now an entirely different case comes before the public, still a case of double personality, but this time the secondary personality, if we may use the expression, of a much finer and more spiritual type than the first one. William Sharp had been known as a writer for some years, and possessed a wonderful gift of charm that attracted to him many of the prominent poets and essayists of his day, notably Dante Rossetti and his gifted sister Christina, George Meredith, Tennyson, Dowden, Philip Bourke Marston, the Janviers, Stedman, Stevenson, and many others, in England and America. He married his cousin Elizabeth Sharp, after an engagement of nine years, in October, 1884; she had an income of $175 a year, and he, to use her own picturesque phrase, "had $150 in his pocket." Their relatives furnished a little house in West Kensington for them, and they began their new life with high hopes. Their busy pens had to work incessantly to keep the wolf from the door, and it is no wonder that much of William Sharp's writing at this period could only be called hack work. But there were glimpses of something higher always hanging about him, memories of childhood, and strange and beautiful dreams, the seeds as it were, that were to blossom into wonderful flowers of legend and poetry later on. He was born in Paisley, but his father loved the West Highlands so well that he took a house every summer somewhere between the mountains and the sea. Here William's old nurse Barbara, told him wild stories of Vikings and the heroes of ancient Celtic sagas, whose adventures he loved to enact. During his sixth year, the family had a house for the summer on the great heather-clad hills of Loch Long, where the boy especially delighted in a little pine wood nestling on the hill-side above the house. It was a holy place to him, he felt there was some great power behind the beauty he saw; behind the wonder of the wind, and the sunshine and the silences

he loved, that made him long to be one with it all. And so he built a little altar of rough stones under a swaying pine, and laid white flowers upon it as an offering. Sometimes he threw such offerings, with many more of his childish treasures, into the loch, hoping to move the mysterious sea-god whom his nurse told him dwelt there, into appearing to his little worshipper. It is interesting to remember that George Sand, as a little child built an altar of stones under the trees, and laid her childish offerings on it.

There was little or nothing in Sharp's early writings to suggest the psychic side of his life, but everything in his personality; and it seems strange, now that the secret is out, that any of his friends could have read *Pharais* and not have seen William Sharp's hand in every line of it. But he was apparently busy with monographs on the poets and criticism of many kinds, as well as poems, elegiac and lyric. In 1893 he sets down in his diary that he has written "the first part of a Celtic romance called *Pharais.*" In Rome he had found "the desired incentive towards a true expression of himself," says his wife, "in the stimulus and sympathetic understanding of the friend (E. W. R.) to whom he dedicated the first of the books published under his pseudonym." During the writing of *Pharais* the author began to realise how much the feminine element dominated in the book, and he decided to issue the volume under the name of *Fiona Macleod,* "which flashed ready-made" into his mind. Mrs. Janvier, one of the first of the few friends let into the secret, asked him "why he chose to send forth good work under the signature of a woman?" He answered, "I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed I could not do so if I were the woman Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonimity....My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, *must* find expression, yet I cannot, save in this hidden way." And later he wrote: "Sometimes I am tempted to believe I am half a woman, and saved by the hazard of chance from what a woman can be made to suffer if one let the light of the common day illuminate the avenues and vistas of her heart."

Pharais * was published in 1894, and created a sensation in the literary world A few keen-eyed critics suspected Sharp of its authorship, but the world-at-large clung to their discovery, or what they *thought* their discovery of the predominant feminine element in the book, and refused to believe that a man could have woven so fine and delicate a web of poetic legend.

The next year *The Mountain Lovers* was published, and Sharp fled from the gloom of London, "that vast reservoir of all the evils of civilised life," to the fresh keen air of Arran, the smell of the pines, the heather, and the bracken, and the salt weed upon the shore. Here, in the vast

* Paradise.

solitudes, his other self became more and more real to him. "There is something of a strange excitement," he wrote to his wife, "in the knowledge that two people are here; so intimate and yet so far-off. For it is with me as though Fiona were asleep in another room. I catch myself listening for her step sometimes, for the sudden opening of a door. It is unawaredly that she whispers to me....It seems passing strange to be here with her alone at last." The illusion was kept up furthermore by the presentation of various copies of *Pharais* and *The Mountain Lovers* to Meredith and other literary lights, and Sharp went so far as to write of "his cousin, Miss Fiona Macleod" to Edward Clodd, president of the Omar Khayyam Club, of which Sharp had just been elected a member. To the *Glasgow Evening News,* which had cast some doubt on the existence of Fiona Macleod (seeming to consider her as a sort of Celtic "Mrs. Harris") Sharp wrote: "Miss Fiona Macleod is not Mr. William Sharp, Miss Fiona Macleod is not Mrs. William Sharp, Miss Fiona Macleod is—Miss Fiona Macleod." And the better to guard his secret, he kept up a simultaneous fire of articles by Wm. Sharp, which effectually masked the new and startlingly original legends and poems by F. M., of which he and his wife continually spoke and wrote to each other as of something entirely outside of themselves. So when his wife was in Italy, he wrote to her: "There can be no question that F. M.'s deepest and finest work is in this *Washer of the Ford* volume (just published). As for the spiritual lesson that nature has taught me, and that has grown within me otherwise, I have given the finest utterance to it that I can....Than *The Last Supper* I shall never do anything better. Apart from this intense inner flame that has been burning within me so strangely and deeply of late—I think my most imaginative work will be found in the titular piece *The Washer of the Ford.*"

To the writer *The Last Supper* is the finest thing Sharp wrote, and his friend T. A. Janvier wrote to him: "The stories seem to be the result of some outside force constraining you to write them....Of all in the book, my strongest affection is for *The Last Supper.* It seems to me to be the most purely beautiful and the profoundest thing that you have done."

The central story of *The Archer* was one of the tales which the author valued most, and a curious coincidence happened concerning a part of it. That "arbitrary fantasy" is the record of a dream, or vision, which the author had at Tarbert. In a letter from Mr. Yeats received shortly after, the Irish poet related a similar experience which he had had,—a vision of a beautiful woman shooting arrows among the stars. "That night she appeared to Symons who is staying here, and so impressed him that he wrote a poem on her, the only one he ever wrote to a dream." By this time Fiona was corresponding with many of Sharp's friends, and some of her own, and to Ernest Rhys the Welsh poet, she wrote in December, 1906, parrying his questions in a very

characteristic and charming way. "Fiona," she told him, "was the Gaelic diminutive of Fionaghal (Flora). For the rest—I was born more than a thousand years ago, in the remote region of Gaeldom known as the Hills of Dream. There I have lived the better part of my life, my father's name was Romance, and that of my mother was Dream. I have no photograph of their abode, which is just under the quicken-arch immediately west of the sunset-rainbow. You will easily find it. Nor can I send you a photograph of myself. My last fell among the dew-wet heather, and is now doubtless lining the cells of the wild bees. All this authentic information I gladly send you!"

It was a tremendous strain upon William Sharp to keep up with the two sides of his nature, because while he wished F. M. to develop under the veil of secrecy he had thrown about her, he was anxious that the reputation of W. S. should be maintained. The needs of the two natures were not always alike, and sometimes created a complex condition, that ended in a nervous collapse.

In 1899 *The Dominion of Dreams* was published, and W. S. writes to a friend: "This book is at once the deepest and most intimate that F. M. has written....If ever a book (in the deeper portion of it) came out of the depths of a life it is this; and so, I suppose, it shall live—for by a mysterious law, only the work of suffering, or great joy, survives, and that in the degree of its intensity....In one of the stories in this book, *The Distant Country,* occurs a sentence that is to be inscribed on my gravestone when my time comes*: "Love is more great than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions." This is the last sentence (except a quoted proverb) of *The Distant Country,* and Fiona herself says of that tale, if tale it can be called, that there is nothing in her writings "to stand beside it as the deepest and most searching utterance on the mystery of passion." And elsewhere she says: "I no longer ask of a book, is it clever or striking, or is it well done, or even is it beautiful, but—out of how deep a life does it come. That is the most searching test....Do not speak of the spiritual life as 'another life'; there is no 'other' life; what we mean by that is with us now. The great misconception of Death is that it is the only door to another world." And again: "There is a great serenity in the thought of death, when it is known to be the Gate of Life."

"It was our habit, when talking to one another of the F. M. writings, to speak of 'Fiona' as a separate entity," says Mrs. Sharp,—"so that we should not be taken unawares if suddenly spoken to about 'her books.' It was William's habit also to write and post to himself two letters on his birthday—letters of admonition and of new resolutions, which he would give to his wife with a smile, saying 'Fiona is rather hard on me, but she is quite right.'"

* And he had his wish.

In December, W. S. and his wife were together in that most beautiful place in the world, Taormina in Sicily, and on a drive in the mountains, when the beauty of a warm April day suddenly changed to snow and a piercing wind, the poet's enfeebled frame received its death blow. Four days afterwards, he suddenly leant forward with shining eyes and exclaimed in a tone of joyous recognition, "Oh the beautiful 'Green Life' again!" and sank back with the contented sigh, "Ah, all is well."

The title of F. M.'s romance, *Green Fire* was taken from a line in *Cathal of the Woods,* "O green fire of life, pulse of the world, O Love!" And the deeper meaning of the expression "Green Life"—so familiar to all who knew F. M.—is suggested in a sentence at the close of the book: "Alan knew that strange nostalgia of the mind for impossible things. Then, wrought for a while from his vision of green life, and flamed by another green fire than that born of earth, he dreamed his dream."

Shortly before he died, William Sharp had prepared letters to be sent after his death to several friends whom he thought might be offended by his reticence as to F. M., telling them that he and he only was the author—in the literal and literary sense—of all written under the name of "Fiona Macleod." "It is a mystery which I cannot explain," he wrote, "perhaps you will intuitively understand or may come to understand. 'The rest is silence.'"

In surveying the dual life as a whole, Mrs. Sharp says that she found that "W. S." was the first to find himself, while his twin, "F. M." remained passive, or a separate self. But when "she" awoke to active consciousness, "she" became the deeper, the more impelling, the more essential factor. This severance and the resulting conflict, sometimes caused the flaming of the dual life to become so fierce that "Wilfion"—as Mrs. Sharp called the inner and third Self that lay behind that dual expression,—realised the necessity of bringing the two separated selves into some kind of conscious harmony. This is what he meant when he wrote in 1899 to Mrs. Janvier (who was in the secret), "I am going through a new birth."

Although the difference between the two literary expressions was so marked, they had one thing, at least, in common, the psychic quality of seership. As F. M. he dreamed dreams, and "got in touch with ancestral memories of his race," and as W. S. he also saw visions from his childhood up, and a few of his friends knew him as psychic and mystic, who knew nothing of him as Fiona Macleod. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, and one of Sharp's intimates, considered him as the most extraordinary psychic he had ever encountered. He really believed that Fiona Macleod was a secondary personality, "as distinct as those one reads about in books of psychical research." W. S. could set himself to work normally, but for the F. M. self, he had to wait upon mood, or seek conditions to induce it. But the psychic, visionary power belonged exclu-

sively to neither; it influenced both, and was subject to laws he did not fully understand.

"I remember from early days," writes Mrs. Sharp, "how he would speak of the curious 'dazzle in the brain' which preceded the falling away of all material things and preluded some inner vision of Great Beauty or symbolic import—that would pass as rapidly as it came."

"Once he saw in waking vision those Divine Forges he had sought in childhood. On the verge of the Great Immensity that is beyond the confines of space, he saw Great Spirits of Fire standing at flaming anvils. And they lifted up the flames, and moulded them on the anvils, into shapes and semblances of men, and the Great Spirits took these flaming shapes and cast them forth into space, so that they should become the souls of men."

In fact the phenomena in the Beauchamp case were physical-psychical, those in Sharp's case were psychical-spiritual. Mrs. Mona Caird wrote of him: "He was almost encumbered by the infinity of his perceptions; by the thronging interests, intuitions, glimpses of wonders, beauties, and mysteries which made life for him a pageant and a splendor such as is only disclosed to the soul that has to bear the torment and the revelations of genius."

"And I would add," says Mrs. Sharp in the last sentence of her book,—"to quote my husband's own words—ever below all the stress and failure, below all the triumph of his toil, lay the beauty of his dream."

KATHARINE HILLARD.

"Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known."
JOHN RUSKIN.

"Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness."
F. W. FABER.

"FRAGMENTS OF A DUAL CONSCIOUSNESS"

THE *Hibbert Journal* for October, 1910, contains an interesting and important article on dual consciousness. The author is a Catholic, in her early youth an agnostic. She narrates with "scrupulous accuracy" a series of incidents in which under stress of danger or strong effort of will, her normal personal, fearful consciousness has given place to a consciousness at once impersonal and fearless, free from limitations of time and place, and unmoved, or even triumphant, at the near approach of death. Instances also are recorded where she seemed to hear through her ears what she knew she did not so hear, phrases which gave her some peace and courage—"just enough to make the situation bearable," and which, as she says, "had a meaning which expanded with my life and understanding." Cases of second sight, too, are recorded as having come within her personal knowledge.

The article is interesting, as every honest and sane record of mystical experience must be; it is important in that it marks a turning point in the methods of psychical research from the *cul-de-sac* of the seance room and of the investigation of brain states to the investigation of states of consciousness *per se,* in accordance with the more fruitful methods of Hindu psychology. The double nature of consciousness can be explained, it is suggested, by a consideration of the principles of man as given in Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism.* The normal personal consciousness is identified with Lower Mânas, the super-normal consciousness with "Higher Mânas—Spiritual man." The seven principles of man are enumerated, and it is evident that the author possesses a fair general impression of their functions in union with Higher or Lower Mânas.

From an article on *Philosophical Theories and Psychical Research,* by James H. Hyslop, in the same issue, we learn that "in the last analysis, it is the existence of a collective and organic mass of facts that establishes any scientific truth, and psychic research is no exception to this. The crucial evidence in it is not any single incident, however valuable such may be for silencing an objection, but a collective mass of incidents having an organic unity that makes any opposing hypothesis applying to the individual incident seem unreasonable." In the interest of such a collective mass of incidents, I offer some facts from my own experience, which may fairly be classed with those of Miss Cole as "fragments of a dual consciousness."

In my early youth I passed through a period of religious doubt and questioning which was, I think, more intense and distressing than most are called to endure. The details are not of special interest; let it suffice to say that it was against the theory of life and of the universe expressed

in Calvinistic theology that my spirit first took arms. Actively antagonistic to that system, I had no other to fill the void it left. I was in a state of positive despair. Moreover, the situation was complicated by certain conditions which shut me off not only from human sympathy, but from the possibility of an outlet to my distress of mind through any kind of activity—physical, emotional or intellectual. Everybody and everything was taken from me. I was obliged to face that particular "abyss of nothingness" in complete isolation. At that time I remember distinctly thinking that, if there were any super-human power in the universe interested in developing in me the qualities of self-control, poise, patience (in all of which I was conspicuously deficient), that power could not possibly have conceived a more ingenious scheme for the development of those qualities than the set of circumstances in which I was then involved. Since I have been occupied with the study of theosophy, I have smiled often at the ingenuous penetration of my thought.

This state of things continued for years. Once only I had a sudden strong conviction that things would be all right if I could only stick it out. What the "all right" might mean or what the sticking it out might involve, I did not know, but the conviction carried the force and calm of a message of authority. Consequently it strengthened my grit, and the memory of it long served to keep alive the feeling that perhaps the whole thing was not so mad and purposeless as it appeared. Having renounced hope of finding any response to my doubts and questions among friends or acquaintances, I searched the faces of strangers for one who would understand, sure that, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, I should know my wedding guest at sight, and with equal insistence force him to listen to my tale. One such I found—a clergyman of the right sort, to whom these things were understandable if not understood, and on the sympathetic inspiration he gave, I lived for about two years. But it was not until I chanced upon *Sartor Resartus* that I knew there were others who had struggled in the same deep waters, yet who had come through to a farther shore.

During this entire period there was manifested a tendency to compose poetry—bad enough poetry, let me confess, but nevertheless rhyme or blank verse, coming often as easily as any prose. In the spring of 1891 I had occasion to write a poem of some length on the motto, *Per ardua ad astra*—through trials to the stars. Though it amounts to nothing as literature, for the style reflects clearly the immaturity of my age, it is a fairly good symbolic explanation of the introduction to the life of occultism, a life (and a philosophy) of which at that time I knew not even the name, but the preliminary steps of which I was already unwittingly and unwillingly taking. In spite of—no, rather because of—my evident immaturity, I believe it to be a fragment of another, a supranormal consciousness.

The poem consists of a prologue, three songs, a summary, and an epilogue. The prologue I give for the sake of clearness.

"Death silence ruled the world, as night assumed
The sceptre of her power, and the sky,
Mourning for a departed day, hung dark
And lowering o'er the earth. The universe
Was bowed beneath the pressure of some woe
Too great for speech. I listened, while the wind
Sighed my own thought, and the o'erhanging clouds
Rolled and thundered with its awful weight.
Then, stung by despair, I groped blindly on
Not knowing whither, till struck down, I slept.
Slept? rather waked, for every sense grew clear
And pulses of celestial music beat
And quivered in the growing threads of light.
Ever in soothing undertones the music grew
With the increasing light until
I knew it for a voice.
Then all the stars took up the glorious strain,
And murmured with the wind accompaniment
To one gladsome song. 'Sing on forever
Heavenly voice,' I cried, 'and I will listen.'
So e'en in saying this, I caught the thought
Of that celestial music."

Then follow the songs of the constellations. Orpheus tells how, "a child of heaven born of earthly pain," he reached the stars through love and the aspiration of art—music. Hercules attained through work. Andromeda sings of her triumph through sacrifice. The epilogue points to faith "our keener sight," symbolised by the polar star, which will guide us into those realms which are the goal of all human striving. To anyone familiar with occult philosophy or even with *Sartor Resartus* no commentary is needed. The Everlasting No, the Centre of Indifference are in the prologue. The rest of the poem is a series of variations on the theme which Carlyle has named The Everlasting Yea.

It was characteristic of this period that whatever I wrote came to me, whole or in parts as the case might be, but ready made, preceded nearly always by more or less trying throes of birth. There are two instances, however, of complete poems which came suddenly and quietly after I had retired for the night, one just before, the other just after I had fallen asleep. I cannot remember which was which, and I did not make a note of this. One was a song or hymn for a special occasion which I had wished for some time to write. It contains four verses, six lines in each verse, and the rhymes are rather complicated. As it is without special significance I will not give it. The other also came

without preliminary effort, and the memory of the incident is still vivid, though it is now twenty-one years since it occurred. I was seized with a sudden intense feeling that there was something in my consciousness to be written down. I leaped from my bed, rushed to my desk, grasped a torn piece of letter paper and a pencil, and wrote to dictation. I wrote just as fast as my fingers would move, listening intently, and under the terrible pressure of a fear that what I failed to get could never be replaced. The voice which dictated was perfectly clear: the "clear, penetrating, and quiet" of *The Hibbert Journal's* contributor describes it accurately. I did not see the ideas pictured in words or in symbols; it was a voice I heard, but soundless—I *heard* nothing. All this I remember as clearly as though it had happened yesterday, and I should not hesitate to stake my reputation for sanity on the accuracy of these statements—were they verifiable. When I had finished writing I saw that the paper was covered, and there was not room for another line. But the poem was complete. I then read and wondered what it all meant. It incited a sort of mild interest, but I did not understand one sentence from another. I noticed, too, that the metre was one I had not before used, and, so far as I remembered, or now remember, was unfamiliar. Later the conviction dawned on me slowly that the poem was a prophecy of my inner life, a conviction which I have since learned to call a fact. But I did not quite believe it at first. I was interested, merely, to see whether it would so turn out. At length I copied it into a note book and dated it with year and month. From time to time I reread the poem, wondering if it really would turn out to be a prophecy, and always a little sceptical. Particularly was I a sceptic regarding the prediction that I should be Christianized. I was very antagonistic to the prevalent church Christianity, and, by conviction, something of a scientific materialist. For me then church Christianity and scientific materialism divided the field of life solutions between them, and though the latter was always unsatisfying and inadequate, I was driven to it by the negative process of rejecting the only alternative. It probably would have remained impossible for me to accept the Christian explanation of the universe had I not through theosophy fallen in with the *esoteric* interpretation of Christianity. The word theosophy had then no meaning for me, and of esoteric Christianity I had never even heard.

The poem follows. Technical errors have been reproduced, for the sake of "scrupulous accuracy."

"I had a dream, I dreamed I stood
On the smooth verge of a steep precipice:
Behind, a wood, enticing fair;
Beneath, a gulf of great abysmal space.
I could not to the wood. Alas!
I knew too well the horrors therein hid;
That yawning gulf I knew not yet
And fain would fling myself into its depths,

If there I might find peace, or death.
O Peace! O Death! Are ye then so far off,
Or sleeping now, or deaf or cruel
That ye come not when I do call you so?
O Power that ever urgest me on!
Why may I not forever clinging here
Escape from worse? Why must I on
To unknown woe and fiercer strife?
Is there no end to sin or pain or time?
O dull and blinded mortal eyes,
That seeing, see not clearly nor perceive!
O hard and crooked mortal hearts!
That in your pride ye will not understand!
O hope, of all, most undeserved!
E'en as I cried for help the help was near.
Behold an isle most glorious, fair,
And lovely, with a beauty far beyond
Aught I had dreamed of or desired.
And in the peace and glory of that Isle
There walked all spirits beautified
And clean, in whom no guile was found nor sin,
Through Jesus Christ and his pure blood.
And blindness! blindness! most incarnate blind
To be so near and not to see.
O ever looking down, how could I think
To find a rest or peace or love
To fill my soul. I'll hie me to that Isle
And not stand here forever lone
Because I lack the courage or the will.
And there I woke; but still that Isle
Shines clearly in my vision, up above,
And when I look upon its light
A great peace fills my soul, and a great love.
So ever looking upward now
I'll keep this goal in view; until the time
When I shall join those spirits that I saw."

The symbolism I would explain as follows. The "smooth verge of a steep precipice" is the *Path*—the path of life—the straight and narrow way—or literally the finding and following the intuitions of the Higher Self. The "wood enticing fair" is the ordinary life of the world with its hidden hypocricies, meannesses, and vulgarities. The "gulf of great abysmal space" is the vast unknown region of possible adventure and interest, outside one's own peculiar class or circumstances. The desire to "fling myself into its depths" is the perfectly human craving to escape from the friction and stress of one's own peculiar place and duty in the hope that elsewhere one may find peace, if only the peace of death. It is

the state of mind which gives point to the warning in the *Bhagavad Gita:* "The duty of another is full of danger," the state of mind of him who has not yet learned that peace is subjective. The "Power that ever urgest me on" is the Power which, according to Emerson, drags us with sullen reluctance along the path of life. The "isle most glorious, fair, and lovely, with a beauty far beyond aught I had dreamed of or desired" is the higher spiritual consciousness of beings who through the persistent sacrifice of their lower personal to their higher spiritual natures, have become beautified and clean, guileless and sinless immortals. The blood of Jesus Christ means, of course, the sacrifice of the heart and its personal emotions. "Before the soul can stand in the presence of the Master its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart." All this I have verified in my own inner experience, but not until I read *Light on the Path* did I understand. When I began to read I experienced the most vivid sensation of melting. It seemed as though interiorly I was disintegrating at such a rate that in a few moments there would be nothing left. For a moment I felt anxious, then relieved, when, after the melting had ceased, I seemed still to be physically intact. This experience I have since connected with the phrase "not until the whole personality of the man is dissolved and melted—not until the whole nature has yielded and become subject to its higher self, can the bloom open." *

Two other fragments, from a mass of vague or presumably spurious ones, may be of interest. When walking through the poorer districts of New York City in the interest of social service, I have sometimes felt a clear, illuminating sense of love and good-will take possession of me. This mood has been marked by the quality of universality and apartness described by A. M. F. Cole.

I was once obliged to carry through a situation which required an almost impossible amount of self-control and tact, not knowing definitely what the issue was or what the outcome ought to be. Throughout I was conscious of a feeling of perfect freedom from responsibility, and a sense that I should be taken care of. I gave myself up to this, and played my rôle with an easy resourcefulness and poise of which normally I was utterly incapable. The same feeling of apartness from things which concerned me vitally, described by *The Hibbert Journal* contributor, and the sense of being an agent merely were strong. With the passing of the crisis the support ceased, and I felt for a time hardly up to the average of my normal self.

Doubtless many similar experiences in the life of the man and woman of today, probably all inspiration in the ancient and popular sense—that is, breathing from a higher self and telling more truth than we know*—come under the head of fragments of a dual consciousness. If those who have such material would give it out with strict accuracy and without shame, psychologists might be able to gather a basis of fact sufficient for safe organization.

M. S. CRAIGHEAD.

* Light on the Path, p. 9.
* Chesterton: George Bernard Shaw, p. 120.

A SUMMARY OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE

PART III

Reincarnation and Karma

REINCARNATION and Karma have been rightly called "the twin doctrines of theosophy," because they are so inseparable, one logically involving the other, and it is almost impossible to speak of Karma without bringing in reincarnation, or of reincarnation without mentioning Karma. Karma is Eternal Law and Absolute Justice, reincarnation makes the action of that law and justice possible. One of the universal problems of the world, the question that confronts all men when they begin to think, is first, how to reconcile Divine Justice and Mercy with the terrible sin and suffering in the world, and second, how to solve the problem of one man's life of comfort and luxury, side by side with his brother's existence of incessant toil and struggle. What can explain the misery of the thousands of little children that perish every year in the dark and noisome tenements of our great cities, while the parents that brought them into the world are living like dogs with no hope of a better future? Can we wonder at the murders and suicides that we hear of every day, when we realise that they take place among people who have no idea of Divine Justice and no trust in Divine Love?

And besides the accidents of birth and station, how many men of more than average goodness are struggling painfully through life weighed down by a burden of inherited tendencies that gradually sap the strength and paralyse the energy of the character, and little by little drag the balance down to the side of evil. Should the man be held responsible for the outcome of such tendencies when perhaps he has not been given the strength to struggle against his insidious foes?

It is a wise old French proverb that says: "to know all is to pardon all." But only Divine Omniscience knows for how much of a man's Karma that man is directly responsible, and how much belongs to that of his race, his nation, and the people among whom his lot is cast, in all of which he is necessarily involved. Therefore no man should speak of another's trials as his punishment, or say of them, "that is his Karma," for the parti-colored threads of life are impossible to disentangle, and what seems to us righteous retribution, may be the last trial of a saint, or the first step upward of the future prophet.

Nor is it right to say, as some theosophists do, "the good Karma will take care of me," for Karma is not "good," any more than it is evil, nor does it "take care" of any one, being absolute and unerring Law.

"The Blessed Ones have naught to do with the purgations of matter." They are concerned with higher things.

Another frequent mistake is to speak of "interfering with Karma," as if one finger of little man could stop the cogwheels of the Universe. It is supposed by many that to help a person in distress is to interfere with his Karma, because his distress is a part of it, and therefore should not be relieved. But is it not just as truly your Karma which has made you able to help him? One might say with Emerson's *Rhodora,* "the self-same Power that brought me there brought you."

Another element in the seeming injustice of fate (and here we take up the thread of reincarnation again) is the shortness of life's span. Even seventy years is not enough under the most favorable circumstances, to create a character, to weed out its evil tendencies, and strengthen its good ones, to develop its powers, and give a chance for the achievements of the poet, the painter, the musician. How few men have lived to see the fulfilment of their dreams of beauty or usefulness! Of how many glorious youths that died in the heyday of their promise it might be said—" 'Tis not a life, 'tis but a piece of childhood thrown away."

But to the believer in reincarnation all these problems are solved by "the twin doctrines," and instead of a capricious Deity, lifting one man to heaven, and thrusting another into hell at his own pleasure, Eternal Justice metes out to every man the harvest of his own sowing in balances that can never weigh wrong, and he is given all eternity in which to develop the soul, and lead the inner man to perfection. Every good deed, every kind word or thought is stored up for him, and will help to make his next life better and nobler than this one. Not one life, but thousands of lives, if necessary, are his in which to learn the lessons of the higher life, and the today and tomorrow of every man depend upon his yesterdays, and the use he has made of them. What he has sown he shall most surely reap, and in the measure he meted it to others.

But it is not enough to make assertions, we should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us. In the first place, what is the meaning of "reincarnation" which is sometimes confused with "metempsychosis," a very different thing? The word *reincarnation* suggests at once the soul as a dweller in the flesh, and if once imprisoned in a fleshly tabernacle, why not many times? The word *metempsychosis* lays more stress upon the dweller, and was once applied to animals as well as to human beings. The latter, according to this doctrine, were doomed to reincarnation in an animal form as punishment for their sins, the dominant sin of the man finding its fitting habitation in the brute whose nature most nearly represented that sin. And the evil traits of men, their cruelty, their greed, their vices of every kind, went after their death, it was believed, to increase the sum of cruelty and greed in the universe, to make the tiger more cruel, the lion more fierce, the shark

more rapacious. Pythagoras, according to Shakespeare, thought the soul of a man's grandmother might inhabit a bird, but Malvolio "thought nobly of the soul, and in no way approved that opinion." Nor was it long before the doctrine of reincarnation superseded that of metempsychosis, and men began to think so nobly of the soul that they could not believe it could go backwards into animal bodies.

The objections to reincarnation have been founded for the most part on a misconception of the real meaning of its teaching. In the first place it must be understood what it is that reincarnates. Man has already been described as a complex entity, of a sevenfold constitution, endowed with a physical body, an astral body, a portion of the all-pervading Life, and that partially developed mind many of whose characteristics he shares with the higher animals. These four principles form what is generally known as the Quaternary, while the higher Mind and Atma-Buddhi, or the Spirit-Soul, made one with the Mind (or Intellectual Soul) form the human Trinity, sometimes called the Triad. Beginning with the lowest principle, the physical body, every one knows that it must decay at death and that the astral form decays step by step with it as soon as the life-principle departs, and that "the body of desire" (or the Kama-rupa) the sum of man's passional nature, the emotional Soul, has but a short and precarious existence after death, the length of its survival in the astral world depending, as already said, upon the more or less spiritual tendencies of the Ego. His Kama-rupa will dwell for a time on the astral plane clothed in a body made up of astral matter. If a man be of average goodness during his life-time, all that is pure and unsoiled in his nature will return after his death to its source in the Universal Mind, and the astral matter that is to be the mould of his next body will be gradually purified and made ready for a better master than the last.

All men pass from the portals of death into a state analogous to the dream-state, in which the soul, wearied by the cares and trials of life, rests from its labors, and carries out its highest ideals into a fulfilment, which if purely subjective, is none the less real to that soul.* While a man dreams, the outer world is lost to him, it ceases to exist, and the scenes and characters of his dream are realities to the sleeping Ego, who has lost all cognisance of waking existence.

Life as a whole runs in a cycle exactly corresponding to its smaller divisions. A man wakes from the quiet sleep of night to the activities of a new day. He fills his day with toil or pleasure or study, and returns again to the sleep of night and the rest that will enable him to go back to work when the next day begins, with renewed physical

* To understand this description of the state of the soul between incarnations it must be remembered that in Eastern philosophy the outer world of manifestation is regarded as "the great delusion," the rainbow-hued projection of the white light of the Oversoul in which all souls share. Thus as "the Kingdom of God is within," the soul enters a deeper reality as its consciousness is indrawn. EDITOR.

strength and quickened mental powers. During that period of sleep which we call unconsciousness, he may have received much spiritual help, that assisted the growth of the inner man, and aided him to develop his latent powers, but which he seldom recognises for what it is. So in the longer cycles, he has his periods of activity, his longer or shorter times of absolute rest, and then a new life with higher powers. The rest that comes between two active periods, or reincarnations, is called *Devachan,* or "the Kingdom of the Gods," and is, like our dream-life, wholly subjective. During this time, the Ego carries out all the long-cherished ideals of its last life, and for the time being, becomes the ideal reflection of the man it was when last on earth. As it is a subjective condition, there can be no consciousness of death in Devachan, and "nothing will be wanting to make the disembodied state one of perfect happiness... The Ego in Devachan lives its intermediate cycle between two incarnations, surrounded by everything it had aspired to in vain, and in the companionship of every one it had loved on earth . . . Spiritual, holy love is immortal, and love beyond the grave has a magic and divine potency which reacts on the living,...for love is a strong shield, and is not limited by space or time." (*Key to Theosophy,* p. 150.)

Devachan, then, is the heaven that we make for ourselves, the reward of the aspiring soul, but what of its punishment? And here we have again the action of Karma, which is Absolute Justice. It is neither logical nor just, according to theosophy, to punish in the spirit the sins committed in the body, and for which the body is largely responsible. Therefore all sins that mar man's record in this life are to be punished in the physical body of other incarnations, just as he is suffering now from the retribution due him not only from his last life-cycle, but from all his previous lives on earth, however numerous they may have been. During the active periods of existence, the Ego builds the temple of his soul, eternal in the heavens, and fills it with treasures that moth and rust cannot corrupt. Then comes the peaceful rest in which he grows spiritually, and gradually prepares for a better life than the last. Meanwhile the "stern daughter of the voice of God," inexorable Karma, has been making up his balance-sheet, and his new life will be conditioned by the past, and will be hampered as that has been, by all the sins and errors which have stained the fair pages of his record.

The Ego then receives after death only the reward of the *unmerited* sufferings endured during its past incarnations. "The whole punishment after death, even for the materialist, consists therefore in the absence of any reward, and the utter loss of the consciousness of one's bliss and rest...Karmic *punishment* reaches the Ego only in its next incarnation." H. P. B. herself told the writer that in the case of an atheist who had led a moral life and had devoted himself to working for humanity, the time between incarnations would be short, perhaps only a few months, because he had ignored the spiritual side of his

nature, and laid up for himself none of those treasures in heaven which should have been his portion after death. This rapid resumption of life on earth would be the natural result of another Karmic law which regulates the time of reincarnation in normal cases. If the Ego, during its life on earth and its rest in Devachan has been storing up spiritual knowledge and experiences to which it is continually adding, it is not until all this spiritual provision has been exhausted that it is forced to yield to the thirst for earth-life, and to return to the physical plane.

One of the most frequent objections to the doctrine of reincarnation is the fact that we have no recollection of our past lives. But why should we? The organ of memory is the brain, and as long as the Ego resides in the physical body, all its records are imprinted on the brain. When the body dies, the memory also perishes, and with a new body we get a new brain, with all its tablets blank. Memory as a function of the physical brain is incapable of carrying its treasures over to another life, but as Swedenborg rightly said, there are two memories, the mental and the spiritual, and the spiritual memory is a function, not of the brain, but of the higher consciousness. As the Ego grows more and more spiritual, as that part of his nature becomes more and more developed, he learns to think of his present life as the ordinary man thinks of an old coat, which has nothing to do with the man himself, and is presently to be thrown away like all worn-out garments. Some flash of recollection may come across the brain-memory occasionally, born of some dear association with the long forgotten past, but for real memories of past incarnations we must wait until the memory of the soul is ours. As a rule, people who remember, or think they remember, their past incarnations, always remember themselves as the central figure in the picture. Marie Antoinette and Mary, Queen of Scots, for instance, are very favorite subjects for incarnation (I have met several of them myself), but I never met any one who claimed to have incarnated in the beggar at the door of either of these great ladies, or the scullion in their kitchen. And yet the beggar or the scullion might have attained a height of spiritual growth that neither queen had reached.

"The spiritual Ego of man moves in Eternity like a pendulum between the hours of birth and death," says the *Key*. "At the solemn moment of death, every man, even when death is sudden, sees the whole of his past life marshalled before him in its minutest details. For one short instant the *personal* becomes one with the individual and all-knowing *Ego*. But this instant is enough to show him the whole chain of causes which have been at work during his life...and he feels and knows the justice of all the suffering that has overtaken him...As the man at the moment of death has a retrospective insight into the life he has led, so at the moment he is re-born on earth the Ego, awaking from the state of Devachan, has a prospective vision of the life which awaits him, and realises all the causes which have led to it. He realises them

and sees futurity, because it is between Devachan and re-birth that the Ego regains his full *manasic* consciousness."

Nothing has been said so far of the possible loss of the soul, a terrible, but a very infrequent, consequence of *conscious* persistence in evil, the deliberate choosing of the worse instead of the better, for *its own sake*. The trend of the universe is towards perfection, and so long as a spark of good survives in the soul there is hope of its final redemption. Annihilation, moreover, is never instantaneous, and may require centuries for its accomplishment. With every incarnation the entity who has chosen the path of evil "sinks lower and lower until the evil force gradually wears itself out, and such a personality perishes, separated from the source of life. It finally disintegrates, to be worked up into other forms of living things, but as a separate existence it is lost."

This brief introduction to the study of theosophy can only indicate its most important teachings, and leaves the student to supply the missing links, which are very numerous. Theosophy has been described as a science, a philosophy and a religion, but here its scientific side has hardly been mentioned, although it is so often found anticipating the most modern discoveries in physics, astronomy, etc.

Next to the teaching of the Divine Unity, which involves that of Universal Brotherhood, the law of Karma is certainly the most important, as laying such stress upon individual responsibility, and the unerring action of Law. "Man's fate is what he himself makes it," says the *Key to Theosophy,* pp. 236-7. "Once grasp the idea that universal causation is not merely present, but past, present, and future, and every action on our plane falls naturally and easily into its true place, and is seen in its true relation to ourselves and others."

And if the student desires a summary of its religious teaching, let him take this passage from *Isis:* "There being but One Truth, man requires but one church, the Temple of God within us; walled in by matter, but penetrable by any who can find the way; *the pure in heart see God.*" (*Isis,* II. 635.)

KATHARINE HILLARD.

WHY I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST.

I FIRST heard of Theosophy in a newspaper notice of a Society formed by a Russian Countess, Henry S. Olcott, and W. Q. Judge. The newspaper man either misunderstood or misrepresented, though at that time I had no means of knowing the facts. Some years later a friend bought a copy of *Isis Unveiled*. We sketched over the first volume and in our wisdom pronounced it a mass of mystical trash, and let it go at that.

I cannot recall a time when I was not dominated by an insatiable desire and curiosity to "know." With a mystical tendency I combined a logical demand for proof. The being aware of this tendency led me to a severity of examination of evidence that ran to the extreme. I accepted nothing on authority, I felt that if anything was unproven, it was untrue. A "revelation" without supporting evidence, to me was only a fairy tale. As a boy, the reading of the Bible led me to question it, instead of accepting it. A "miracle" in its sense of a suspension or violation of a natural law, was a direct falsehood. I came later to understand that it was an intelligent application of natural forces by a master mind, acting in harmony with instead of in violation of law,—miraculous only because not understood by the many.

I suppose a relation of my various wanderings in search of knowledge of whence man came, why he is here, whither he is bound, would only open an experience paralleling that of thousands of others, who have trodden the path, stumbling in the dim light, led astray by Jack-o'-lanterns, pricked by the brambles, mired in the bogs, overtaken by darkness, discouraged by doubts, and longing for light.

The logical element led me dangerously near Materialism, the mystical tendency held me to a belief in future existence, and immortality. Yet while never doubting immortality I sought logical proof for it, a proof that would satisfy reason. I became a regular attendant at church, but Revelation and Faith confronted me, and I was able to find but little evidence of the Sabbath teaching in the week day observance, so I drifted away. Ingersoll dazzled me, but Agnosticism seemed but a road ending in a quagmire. Then Spiritualism and its claims were looked into, examined and dropped. Then followed a long period of drifting, and a desultory study of Morals and Ethics, and later another trial of Spiritualism and membership in a Spiritist Society, believing I could study it better from an inside view.

Spiritualism did for me what other cults had not. It suggested proof of something beyond this life, something discarnate, if not excarnate. If its claims were true, it robbed the grave of its terrors and gave comfort to many a mourner. I was disgusted however by finding

that most of its votaries were "test hunters," seekers after fortune telling at cheap rates. Many of its professors were frauds and tricksters, but a select few were believers in the philosophy, earnest, honest, faithful. Study and examination of the claims put forth satisfied me of the existence of forces and powers, outside of man, with which it was possible under certain conditions and circumstances to communicate; but what they were, I could not decide. Some might be "spirits" of those who had existed on this earth in human form, others certainly were not. Assertion was strong, but proof was too weak to carry any conviction.

I had read Bulwer's *Strange Story* and his *Zanoni.* I read them again and discovered more in them than before. Some of the theories advanced seemed plausible and worthy of examination. I had heard of Madame Blavatsky and of the Theosophical Society, through the newspapers, but without interest. Somehow, somewhere, I had learned that Reincarnation was a Theosophical belief, and it had struck me as a reasonable one.

A couple of friends who left the Spiritist Society when I did, attended a meeting of the Theosophical Society in the city of which our town was a suburb. They suggested that I attend the next meeting with them. I questioned them as to what they thought of the teachings. They answered that they did not see much in it to attract, but it was interesting, and the members seemed pleasant, intelligent people. A few weeks later, I visited the Society with them, arriving about the opening of the evening's session. I found thirty to forty persons present. The President or Chairman began by stating the objects of the Society "To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood . . . the study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences . . . the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature, and the psychical powers latent in man." This statement was followed by the motto, "There is no higher religion than Truth."

All these things appealed strongly to me, this was what I had been looking for, had sought but not found. I was still more surprised and attracted, when the Chairman stated that the Society had no creed and that any one was eligible to membership who was in accord with the objects of the Society, and who would concede to others the same tolerance he claimed for himself.

In the Branch whose meeting I attended it is the custom for a member to prepare and read a paper on some subject, along the lines set forth as the objects of the Society, after which there was discussion open to all present, whether members or not. The subject of the paper for the evening was Reincarnation, and I listened with attention and interest. After the matter had been discussed for a while, I asked some questions. They were answered pleasantly, kindly and clearly. I learned much about Reincarnation that evening.

The seeming inequalities of life were explained away. The sufferings of the deserving, the exaltation of the vile, the triumphs of wrong, the disasters of right could be accounted for, if there were more lives than one, and each life but a day of eternity. If in the plan of life Right and Justice were to triumph, Reincarnation was a necessity. The doctrine had seemed reasonable; later I came to know that it was necessary and inevitable. When the meeting adjourned, I was introduced by my friends to some of the members, and I asked one of the officers why no collection had been taken up. He replied, "Our rule here is that it shall cost nothing to listen to Theosophical teachings. The members pay all expenses." I asked if they would accept me—a non-believer—as a member, as I did not wish to accept benefits without a return. I was accepted as a member and became a regular attendant.

I carried home a book from the Branch library and read it. It defined a number of Theosophical beliefs which might or might not be true, I was unable to judge. I did not accept, but would not reject, until I knew more of the matter. The papers read at each of the meetings and the discussions following always interested me, though there was much in them that I could not follow or understand, yet from each and all I learned something, a little here, a little there. I bought a copy of the *Bhagavad Gita,* which Edwin Arnold called the "Song Celestial," and was delighted with it. It was instructive, inspiring. The masterly presentation of the ideas charmed me, the poetic imagery delighted me, the ideas themselves had a sublimity that deeply impressed me. I read *Isis Unveiled* a second time. It did not seem the mystical trash that I had thought it before; I could see in it a vast amount of labor, a great fund of information, a familiarity with Religions, Philosophies and Sciences, such as is rarely possessed by any one person.

It was evident that the writer must have been diligent in research, fortunate in opportunities, with a rare capacity for understanding and teaching (so far as permitted) that which she had learned. As to the correctness of its deductions I was too ignorant to decide. Some seemed reasonable, more possible, and many absurd; I could only withhold my judgment until better able to decide. I read Cavé's *Fragments* and this work was a delight to me, for I found no difficulty in understanding and accepting it; nothing in it seemed strange, but all was as natural as it was beautiful and inspiring. It presented truth with clearness, brilliancy and beauty; not seeming to show a new thing, but showing familiar things in a new light, whose rays showed one's handful of pebbles to be sparkling gems. I followed this with the *Voice of the Silence.* It interested me greatly and taught me much. It seemed to awaken thought, to suggest rather than inform, to inspire rather than to teach, to urge rather than to satisfy. It offered no gifts, but showed rewards for those who earned them. My next book was

Light on the Path. Strange how natural it seemed, how like a description by one who had journeyed over the route, making it plain for those who chose to follow, telling all that was necessary and no more; a worthy companion to the *Voice of the Silence.* One fact impressed me very strongly in reading these two books, and in listening to the various papers read—so many ideas seemed a re-awakening of old memories rather than an acquisition of information. It puzzled me much, but it seems to be fully explained by Reincarnation.

When the subject of Karma was first presented to me, it jarred on me. It seemed like Fate, Predestination. If man was an automaton, the sport of a Creator who for his own ends created some to be saved and others to be eternally tortured, all faith in Deity seemed absurd, and the best rule of life would be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But when further study showed Karma to be the eternal Cause and Effect, I recognized that every day *we* weave the strands of the rope by which Karma binds, that we plant the seeds which bring forth the fruits of which we must eat, that we set in motion the forces which bless or curse our future, that we are in all things the arbiters of our own destiny, that what we are in this existence was largely decided by ourselves in former lives and that we are deciding every day what we shall be in our future lives, that whatever comes to us, of joy or sorrow, of pleasure or pain is what we have earned for ourselves,—that Karma is eternal justice, that it is a twin with Reincarnation, and that both are necessary and inevitable if right and justice are the end of all things, if this is a Universe of Law, and not of blind Chance. So I found that I believed in Reincarnation, that I believed in Karma, that one was necessary to the other. Theosophy seemed to me to have answered all my questions, to have solved all my doubts, to have reconciled the mystical and logical sides of my nature, to have proved immortality, to have demonstrated that man's own saviour is himself, and himself alone, that our Heaven and Hell is of our own creation, that it is with us everywhere, and at all times. It was evident to me that there is something in man that is from God and aspires at all times to return whence it came, helped by its experiences, its sufferings, its errors and repentances, its hopes, fears, all its various experiences in its various lives and existence; and that returning, in its Nirvanic existence forming part of the infinite, it yet preserved its individuality as a grain of sand preserves its individuality in the desert of which it is a part.

And now when I come to answer the question of *Why* I became a Theosophist, I find I have already answered it in telling *how* I became a Theosophist. So far as belief is concerned I am a Theosophist. So far as practice is concerned I hope to be, no matter how often I may falter and fall. It has taught me to desire to live the life however weak my efforts may be.

WM. H. LYONS.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA*

PART III

PERHAPS that part of our philosopher's life about which least is known is his sojourn in Egypt. This is the more astonishing when we consider that he must have remained in that wonderful land for nearly twenty years. Philostratus, it is true, has pages and pages of flowery rhetoric purporting to deal with this time, but a trifling inspection of them shows that it is little more than an attempt to fill in the gaps of historic fact with legendary rigmarole. The biographer of the sage would have us believe that the event of chief importance during his travels in Egypt was his visit to the Gymnosophists or Naked Philosophers, although this was but one of the many remarkable experiences which he underwent in that land of mystery. We can confidently reject the set speeches and conversations which Philostratus puts in the mouths of the sage and the heads of this community. Nevertheless it is worth while inquiring into the Gymnosophists themselves. The most likely explanation of the origin of the Naked Philosophers is that they came from India. Apollonius repeatedly insisted on this, and his purpose in visiting them was to remind them of their former connection with the East, which they seemed to have forgotten. Though they are spoken of simply as the "Naked," we must not understand this to mean mere physical nakedness. A chance sentence from the lips of one of them gives us a clue to the real meaning of the term. "At the age of fourteen I resigned my patrimony, and *naked* I sought the *Naked*." From the discourse of Philostratus it is difficult to gather any information regarding their cult beyond the fact that they believed in a life of great toil and physical hardship and retired at midday to their cells or "phrontisteria." It is only when Apollonius comes forward to do some public act that we can get any precise historical traces of him; the remainder of the time he spent in the shrines of the temples or entered the privacy of some community, and of his inner life Philostratus or Damis, the sage's companion, knew little or nothing.

Apollonius returned to Alexandria during the last sickness of Vespasian. Titus, his son, was returning as emperor from Jerusalem, and requested Apollonius to meet him at Argos; "for," said he, "my father called you his benefactor and owed all to you." On their meeting, Titus modestly discoursed on his youth and his desire to rule well. "What advice, O Tyanean, have you to give concerning the government of an empire?" "None," answered the sage, "you have abundant example before you. There is an old saying of Archytas: 'Let the

* For Parts I and II of this study of Apollonius see *The Theosophical Quarterly* for October, 1909, and April, 1910.

virtues of a father be an example for imitation to his sons, and his frailties a barrier for their evasion.' And that you may be forewarned of approaching danger, I recommend to you, as a companion and counsellor, the philosopher Demetrius, the Cynic." "Give me, then," said Titus, "this companion, with permission to bite me when he finds me doing wrong." Apollonius then wrote Demetrius as follows:—

"Apollonius, the philosopher, greets Demetrius the Cynic:

"I give you to the Emperor Titus, in order that you may instruct him in all royal virtues. Justify what I have said of you to him, and be everything to him; but everything without anger. Farewell."

After Titus had departed, Apollonius passed several years travelling in the East, and was everywhere received with love and respect, healing the lame, the halt, and the blind, stopping earthquakes, and driving out evil spirits.

When Domitian ascended the throne after the death of Titus, he showed himself to be as great an enemy of philosophy as Nero had been before him, and Rome soon became so dangerous that many of its professors fled to remote countries or adopted tenets more in consonance with their personal safety. Philostratus would have us believe that Apollonius immediately started plotting the overthrow of the tyrant, but the whole life and character of the sage is opposed to the idea of political intrigue, although the appearances are certainly against him in the case of the revolt of Vindex. On the other hand, he did not hesitate to rebuke tyranny or injustice. He believed in monarchy, but desired a "wise and faithful shepherd" above all things.

Accordingly, he decided to go to Rome and meet Domitian face to face, although he knew that it would probably cost him his life. In this he was merely anticipating the action of the emperor. For Nerva, the heir to the throne, and Apollonius had corresponded on subjects of philosophy and morality during the reign of Titus; but Domitian suspected them of plotting to supplant him, banished Nerva to Tarentum, and ordered the pro-consul of Asia to arrest the sage and send him to Rome. But Apollonius, apprised of all these things by his dæmon, set sail from Smyrna, and on the thirteenth day arrived at Puteoli. Demetrius, the sage's warm friend, was living here in close retirement. He had once more fallen under royal displeasure, but had displayed more courage than most of his brethren, and had not left Italy. The two friends greeted each other affectionately and had a long conversation together, in which Demetrius tried to dissuade Apollonius from going to Rome because of the danger he would run, and the sage made a spirited reply, full of courage and conviction. It is this conversation, I think, which has influenced many who consider Apollonius a Stoic, as a superficial examination of his speech would seem to indicate that he did not value his life. That night the Tyanean set sail, and arrived at Rome on the third day.

The Prætorian prefect was Tacticus Aelian at this time. He had met the sage in Egypt and loved him, and now tried to do everything in his power to help his friend and yet remain in the good graces of the emperor. When Apollonius, therefore, arrived in Rome, he was immediately brought before Aelian, and without permitting the accusers to burst forth against him, the latter drew him into a private room, where matters of the greatest importance were conducted. When they were alone Aelian simply told the philosopher in what great danger he was, and how little he could help him. After this conversation he was taken to prison to await the pleasure of the emperor. One day a tribune, who had met him before, passed by his cell and asked him the cause of his confinement, to which he replied that he did not know. "I do," said the tribune; "it is in consequence of the worship paid you by the people of Ephesus, which has given rise to the charge of blasphemy, and in your trying on other occasions to pass yourself off as one of the gods." "Is that all?" replied Apollonius. "When I was a boy at Ephesus," said the tribune, "you delivered the city from the plague, and multitudes worshipped you." "They did well," said Apollonius, "as did the city of Ephesus when delivered from such a calamity. But why am I here instead of the Ephesians who committed the blasphemy? They probably occupy the next cell." The tribune then tried to induce him to say something incriminating against Domitian, but Apollonius was on his guard.

The next day Apollonius was removed to another prison, where the prisoners were unbound. There were about fifty persons of rank in this prison charged with various offences against the person and majesty of Domitian. Many were very dejected and gloomy, in expectation of death. Calling these together, Apollonius was one day addressing to them words of comfort and encouragement, when a man entered the prison, who had been sent by Domitian to take an account of the philosopher. He was a spy, and tried to make the sage say something disrespectful of the tyrant. Apollonius was on his guard, however, and adroitly turned the scales upon him in this manner: "You may say what evil you please, my friend, of the emperor; your great prudence is unnecessary; you need have no fear of me, for I will never turn informer; but I will tell him in person whatever I consider reprehensible in his conduct."

At noon on the sixth day an officer from the court arrived to conduct Apollonius before the emperor As the sage and his guards proceeded through the streets, Damis was very fearful and cast-down, and would not be comforted by his master who seemed all eagerness to encounter Domitian, having been warned beforehand of his bloated countenance, his heavy eyebrows and harsh voice, which intimidated most of his victims. When the emperor was at leisure, Apollonius was introduced, but Damis was left behind. The emperor had a garland of green boughs

on his head, and was still busy thinking of a sacrifice in which he had just been engaged; and as he turned round, struck by the extraordinary appearance of the man, he cried out: "O Aelian, you have brought me a god!"; upon which Apollonius, without any hesitation, retorted: "O Emperor, Pallas purged that mist which dims the sight of mortals from the eyes of Diomede at Troy. But from your eyes, O Emperor, the goddess has not yet removed the mist, or else you would never have confused men with gods." "But how long, philosopher," said Domitian, "is it since your eyes were purged of darkness?" "Since I began the study of philosophy," replied Apollonius. "How is it, then," said the emperor, "that you adore as gods my greatest enemies?" "Do you, then, war with the Indian philosophers, Iarchas and Phraotes, who, of all men, are the only ones in any sense deserving of the appellation of gods?" "Answer me," said Domitian, "as to Nerva, your friend, and his accomplices." The sage then proceeded to praise Nerva in moderate terms, describing him as a gentle man, totally indisposed to meddle in affairs of state. On hearing this, the emperor broke out in furious anger: "And he, I suppose, if interrogated about you, would probably say that you were neither an enchanter, nor hot-headed, nor a braggart, nor covetous, nor a despiser of the law; so much are you all agreed in crime." Apollonius calmly rebuked the emperor for his heat, and protested that he was prejudiced against him without proof. "Begin where you please," said Domitian; "I know where I ought to begin and end." Our philosopher was then treated with great severity; his hair and beard were cut off, and he was sent to prison loaded with irons. "Hah!" said the sage, "I did not know my guilt lay in my hair!"

While languishing in prison, Apollonius was frequently visited by minions of Domitian, who tried to make him complain of the cruelty of the emperor, but he knew their purpose and never incriminated himself. In the course of a conversation with one of these, Apollonius remarked that it was Euphrates his old enemy, who had accused him, saying that he had also poisoned the minds of the gymnosophists against him. The informer, a Syracusan, amazed at these revelations, said: "Do you think it then of less account to be accused by the emperor than to be underrated by the gymnosophists?" "Yes, indeed," replied the sage, "for I went to them to acquire knowledge, and I came here to communicate it." "To communicate what?" "I came to report that I am of good repute, and have honestly acquired fame, of all which the emperor is ignorant!" The Syracusan then left the prison, testifying his admiration of Apollonius, and that he believed him more than a philosopher.

As the days wore on Damis became more and more hopeless of ever escaping from their present perils. "O Tyanean, what do you think will become of us?" "Nothing but what has usually happened to us," was the answer; "there will be a way provided by the gods for us out of this; no one will be put to death." "But when will you be set at

liberty?" "To-morrow," answered Apollonius, "if it depended solely on the judge, and this instant if it depended on myself." So saying, he drew his leg out of the fetters, and said to Damis: "You see the liberty I enjoy; be of good courage, and I shall act as though really in chains." And he immediately put his leg back into the fetters. That same day he was removed to his former more comfortable quarters. The next day Apollonius spoke to Damis as follows: "I must now prepare my defence. Go straight to Puteoli, and go on foot, it is safer. There you will meet Demetrius; salute him, and go to the seaside opposite the island of Calypso, and I will join you there." Damis obeyed, though with much reluctance, as he himself says, and arrived at Puteoli on the third day.

We shall now turn to the trial of Apollonius. On the same day that Damis arrived at Puteoli, the sage was taken to the tribunal. While waiting at the door, an officer approached him, and said: "Tyanean, you must enter naked." "What!" said our philosopher, "is it to bathe or to plead my cause I am come here?" "The emperor's order does not allude to your clothes, but forbids your bringing in either amulet or any writing whatever." "And does he also forbid," continued Apollonius, "my bringing in a rod for the backs of those who gave him such foolish advice?" All the illustrious men of the day attended these trials, for the emperor was very desirous to make them of as much consequence as possible. One of the freedmen of Euphrates stood beside the accuser while Apollonius pronounced his defence. This man had been sent to Ionia to collect all the sayings of the sage while there. The Tyanean was ordered to plead to the following four charges:—

Charge 1st. With wearing garments different from those of other men, thereby rendering yourself conspicuous. With wearing your hair long and unsightly, living as a vagrant, not in accord with good society.

Charge 2nd. You allow and encourage men to call you a god.

Charge 3rd. Through magic you predicted a plague in Ephesus, and by incantations turned it away. You practice magic for mercenary purposes.

Charge 4th. With sacrificing an Arcadian boy outside the city walls, to divine from the entrails if Nerva would succeed to the throne. (Arranged from Treadwell.)

The defence of Apollonius, as given by Philostratus, is a long flowery speech, which must have taken at least two hours to deliver. It is highly probable that the sage did not utter one word of the many put in his mouth. Those who have followed his life in the first two installments of this article will readily comprehend the simplicity with which he disproved the first three charges. In answer to the fourth count, he proved his presence *inside* the city walls, attending the sick-bed of a friend, on the same day he was supposed to be sacrificing the Arcadian boy. He wound up his defence with a spirited attack against the emperor himself, blaming him for his treatment of philosophers, and his use of informers. "Use philosophy in everything you like, for true

philosophy frees the mind from trouble. Wipe the tears from the eyes of men, whose multiplied groans resound from land and sea, lamenting what they hold most dear. The resulting evils are countless, evils due entirely to the false tongues of the informers, who make everything odious to you, and you, O Emperor, odious to every one!"

With these words Apollonius vanished from the tribunal, and on the same day he appeared to Demetrius and Damis at Puteoli as they were walking by the sea. Treadwell would explain this wonderful event as follows. "There is little doubt that Apollonius had had assurance from Aelian that he was to be released, or, as it would seem more probable from the sequel, means offered him to escape. Confirmatory of this, Apollonius seemed to know that he would not be pursued. All this he undoubtedly kept from Damis, either as a matter of policy, or to preserve in Damis the illusion of his divine nature and influence of the gods." Granting the truth of this remarkable statement, Treadwell overlooks the conditions, for even if Apollonius left the tribunal in the ordinary manner, how did he appear at Puteoli, at least three days' journey from Rome, on the same day. The sage walked and talked with Demetrius and Damis for some time, but they did not know him, and when he discovered himself to them, he stretched out his hand, and said: "Take hold of it, and if I can bear being touched, know that I am no shadow, but live and have not yet left my body." When asked how he came so quickly, he replied: "With the exceptions of the ram of Phryxus and the wings of Dædalus believe in everything and ascribe it to the divine providence." After recounting minutely the story of the trial, he retired to the house of Demetrius and lay down to rest, just as if the present state of affairs required no solicitude whatever.

The next morning Apollonius informed his companions that he was going to Greece; so finding a ship and bidding farewell to Demetrius, they set sail and, after stopping at Messina, arrived at the Peloponnesus probably in the autumn of A. D. 95. His arrival in Greece was hailed with delight, and people flocked to hear him from all parts of the country, as he travelled about, lecturing at the various temples. Whenever questions were put to him about his trial, he would only say: "I pleaded my cause and came off safe." After a stay of several months in Greece, he sailed to Ionia, discoursing for the most part at Smyrna and Ephesus. It should be remembered that at this time he was possibly 85 years old. While at Ephesus one of the most remarkable events in his life took place: this was the seeing of the assassination of Domitian at Rome at the very moment of its occurrence. To quote from Mead's translation of the graphic account of Philostratus: "It was mid-day, and Apollonius was in one of the small parks or groves in the suburbs, engaged in delivering an address on some absorbing topic of philosophy. At first he sank his voice as though in some apprehension; he, however, continued his exposition, but haltingly, and with far less force than usual, as a man who has some other subject in his mind than

that on which he is speaking; finally he ceased speaking altogether, as though he could not find his words. Then staring fixedly on the ground, he started forward three or four paces, crying out: 'Strike the tyrant; strike!'" At that very moment the daggers of the assassins were entering the body of Domitian.

This event, which brought relief to most of the civilized world, occurred in A. D. 96. Domitian was succeeded by Nerva, and Nerva by Trajan in A. D. 98. This period is called the golden age of the empire. Nerva wrote Apollonius a letter upon his accession to the throne, and Apollonius sent back a short note of greeting. Later he wrote a long letter of political counsel, and calling Damis to him, told him to take the letter and deliver it personally to the emperor. What was his purpose in doing this, for the contents of the letter were of no particular importance? There was a saying of Apollonius as follows: "Live apart, but if you cannot live apart, at least die apart." It is certain that Damis never saw his master again. There are several legends concerning the manner of his death. Some say he died at Ephesus, some that he entered the temple of Minerva at Lindus (Rhodes) and disappeared, others again that he disappeared in Crete. Damis does not say anything about his age, but it has been variously estimated between eighty and one hundred years. Probably eighty is nearer the mark. "The Secret Records alone have noted his birth and his subsequent career."

The above, then, is a brief outline of the main events in the life of Apollonius of Tyana. But to this day he is a riddle, and his existence is surrounded with such a veil of mystery that some pretentious fools have attempted to deny his very existence. But if the Tyanean be put down as a fabulous character, then history would have no right to her Cæsars and Alexanders, nay, even the life of Jesus would be questioned, as his miracles and teachings are far less authentically attested than those of the celebrated sage. There is hardly a church Father in the first six centuries of the Christian era that did not mention Apollonius. But all, with a natural prejudice, joined in believing or at least teaching that his miracles were directly inspired by Anti-christ, although St. Jerome (Hieronymus) and Justin Martyr magnanimously absolve him of practicing magic on his own account. St. Jerome gives at length the story of St. John's alleged contest with the Tyanean—a competition of "miracles"—in which the saint announces the complete humiliation of Apollonius. The Marquis de Mirville in his voluminous "Memoirs of Satan" gives the following thrilling account of the "contest." "John, pressed by all the churches of Asia to proclaim more solemnly (in the face of the miracles of Apollonius) the divinity of Jesus Christ, after a long prayer with his disciples on the Mount of Patmos and being in ecstasy by the divine Spirit, made heard amid thunder and lightning his famous *In Principio erat Verbum.* When that sublime ecstasis, that caused him to be named the 'Son of Thunder,' had passed, Apollonius was compelled to retire and to disappear."

What, then, was it that made Appollonius such a thorn in the side of the Catholic Church? It was the wonderful similitude of his life with that of Jesus which placed the church between the upper and the nether millstone. "He was exposed to the attacks of his enemies, although he was engaged in doing good. He went about from place to place while carrying out his work of reform, accompanied by his favorite disciples; and when the hour of danger came, against the advice of friends, he went straight to Rome as Jesus did to Jerusalem. He was accused before Nero as Jesus is said to have been before Herod. He wrought miracles of mercy for which he was accused. He spoke to evil spirits with authority as Jesus did, and they departed out of their victims. In Rome Appollonius restored a young girl of noble birth to life, precisely similar to the return to life of the daughter of Jairus. The lame, the blind, and the halt came in crowds to be healed. He appeared after his trial to Damis and Demetrius." Of all these points the church was fully aware. To deny the life and miracles of the one would amount to denying the life and miracles of Jesus Christ, and thus the whole foundation of Christianity itself. On the other hand, merely claiming Apollyon as the real author of these devilish phantasmagoria would have but little force at that time, when the events of his life were too fresh in the memories of everybody. Accordingly "every means was used—especially in the fourth and fifth centuries—to sweep from people's minds the remembrance of this great and holy man. The circulation of his biographies, which were many and enthusiastic, was prevented by the Christians, and only the diary of Damis (as recorded by Philostratus) survived most miraculously, and alone remained to tell the tale." (Madame Blavatsky, *Secret Doctrine*, Vol. III, p. 130.)

The same author continues as follows: "All that history knows is that Apollonius was the enthusiastic founder of a new school of contemplation. Perhaps less metaphorical and more practical than Jesus, he nevertheless inculcated the same quintessence of spirituality, the same high moral truths. He is accused of having confined them to the higher classes of society instead of doing what Buddha and Jesus did, instead of preaching them to the poor and the afflicted. Of his reasons for acting in such an exclusive way it is impossible to judge at so late a date. But Karmic law seems to be mixed up with it. Born, as we are told, among the aristocracy, it is very likely that he desired to finish the work begun in this particular direction by his predecessor, and sought to offer 'peace on earth and good will' to *all* men, and not alone to the outcast and the criminal. Therefore he associated with the kings and mighty ones of the age. Nevertheless, the three 'miracle-workers' exhibited striking similarity of purpose. Like Jesus and like Buddha, Apollonius was the uncompromising enemy of all outward show of piety, all display of useless religious ceremonies, bigotry and hypocrisy. That his 'miracles' were more wonderful, more varied, and far better attested in history than any others, is also true. Materialism denies; but evidence, and the affirmations of the church herself, however much he is branded by her, show this to be the fact."

In concluding this article it is the earnest hope of the author that he will have succeeded in making his readers do justice to the greatness and goodness of Apollonius of Tyana, even if they do not believe in his divine kinship with that blessed band who during the ages have watched and will ever watch over the spiritual destinies of mankind.

L. G.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

A Successful Incarnation

"THE Gael, in the last *Screen,* was let off altogether too easily. I suggest that when he comes in, we should make him disgorge. He has had, or knows of, innumerable experiences of interest, and to quote him at second hand is not satisfactory. He is certain to deny every word that the Sage reported of him in the January issue."

This was from the Student. We agreed: but appointed him spokesman to irritate or to persuade the Gael into conversation. Later, when the Gael joined us, the Student told him that we wanted his opinion of some poems recently sent to the Quarterly, and began to read—I think to invent and to pretend to read—from many sheets of paper, some execrable doggerel verse. But the Gael has perception.

"Children of Hell," he interrupted, in a peculiarly patient voice, "I will humour you. I will talk. You want me to make an ass of myself. I will do so. It is never difficult. *You* will bear me out" (turning to the Student). "But I must insist on one condition: if I am interrupted, not a word I have said must be used. Is that agreed to? Yes? Then listen."

After a moment's pause, his voice changed to a tone so far removed from raillery, that, as the Student afterwards admitted, "a dog's heart would have melted."

"I will begin with the Cynic," said the Gael, "with the Cynic who sometimes sneers. He had an impression the other morning of his most splendid, or in any case of his most successful incarnation: of an incarnation which he recognized as triumphant for the soul. He was the least of the fellaheen of Egypt, in days long, long before the majesty of Rā-Mēses the magnificent. He was wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked; and in one great flash of genius he discovered it. In that instant of agony and of light, he did not envy the King, he did not long for glory, he did not cry for a woman or for wealth or for comfort. He threw himself prone on the sands of the desert: 'O Ra, God of the world and of my heart! May Thy earth open and swallow me! I can bear no more. I can suffer no more. Death is my desire—death in Thy arms; death in Thy bosom; death in Thy darkness for ever!' It was a longing so intense that it seemed there was no atom in him which did not share it. The shadow of pain behind him was dark with unweepable tears. Year piled upon year; grief piled upon grief; weariness upon weariness: and then, at the last—because it was the last—this passion of longing for Ra as refuge and friend. And the Cynic who

saw and recognized, bowed his heart and whispered, 'God won! May He win somehow in me!' Yes—the Cynic prayed, and as some of us have never prayed. And I pray, by the mercy of Christ, so may it be!"

We were speechless, not knowing whether the Gael had imagined every word of it, or whether, in some strange Celtic twilight of his mind, he had truly seen the vision of another. The Cynic sat like stone; a shade white, I thought, but without the movement of a muscle.

The Yoga of Love

"And now for the Sage," said the Gael, after scarcely a moment's pause. "I will tell you of a 'talk in *his* head' of some three evenings ago. It occurred while he was at dinner, looking very stiff and proud. It ran somewhat as follows:

" 'Master, ages ago I knew thee, and then lost thee, and for blind ages have wandered, seeking through sin and sorrow for the sight of thy face. Now, at last, thou art near, and my heart lives in thine. But when shall I see thee openly; when shall I know thee fully; when shall I utterly be thine?'

"And the Master said: 'Child, whose love is my love, that issue is in the hands of thy love!'

" 'But how turn my cold indifference into love for thee?'

" 'Thou canst not. Its nature is not to love. Seek not to force the lower to the higher. Yet there is always a corner in thy heart where love lives. That thou art. Know thyself at one with that. Shine from that through the coldness of the outer evil. Refuse to be that evil. Master it. Little by little it will die and disappear. Trust the power of that love which is myself in thee!'

" 'But shall I see thy face? In the end shall I succeed?'

" 'My child—be content to love.' "

The Gael, who had made much of this "talk" by the way he had delivered it, giving it more rhythm than the words suggest, and almost intoning those parts of it that appealed to him strongly, now turned full upon the Student. But the Student, without a word or a glance at any of us, got up and left the room! His example was followed immediately by the Philosopher, and then by the Objector. The Cynic and the Sage trailed out after them. The Recorder alone remained.

The Yoga of Self-Recognition

"How strange are the hearts of men," murmured the Gael. "So ashamed of their better selves! And you (turning to the Recorder) are no exception. You waited because you knew you would not be obliged to include it, if I said anything of you. And now that you feel I shall not, you are sorry, because it will deprive you of your means of knowing whether I spoke truly of the others...But I may as well say what I had in my mind to tell of the Student. It was on New Year's Day, and

the voice that spoke to him was different from the last. It included him as 'we.' All of you know it, and all of you know the speaker. It was late at night,—when the stars make silence. This is what was said to him—more or less:

"'My brother, we are greater than thou knowest. We are clothed with His radiance. Our faces reflect His glory. Our hearts contain His peace. Look down upon life; look down upon time; look down upon thyself. He is the King of Kings: but we are Kings. Live as a King, though it should be in the rags of a beggar. Live as an Immortal, beholding thy failings as the follies of a child thou trainest. Crowned with His splendour, be splendid. Desire great desires. Claim thy birthright. Be a god above the gods. Be His child.'

"It was good advice," the Gael drawled on. "It was excellent advice, and it is a pity that he has forgotten it already. He might deny, even, that he ever heard it. Queer things are men. Nothing queerer, except women...Be a King and therefore a child; or be a child and therefore a King; which is it? Be that Warrior who 'stands still in the midst of Eternity and waits for Time to consume itself'! Is that what it said? But perhaps you don't understand: and I must go home to dinner. Good night."

An Easter Greeting

Our next meeting was less of a monologue. No one referred to the Student's achievement of making the Gael "converse." It seemed to me, indeed, that the Student plunged rather hurriedly into conversation on his own account.

"One of our members is having an Easter greeting printed which rather pleases me," he said. "Why not use it in the *Screen?* In any case, it won't talk back! You may be asked if it is a genuine antique, or a modern composition cast in antique form; and I, for one, cannot tell you. Nor do I see that it matters. The only important question is whether its message is true or not; and I think it is—profoundly true. This is what it says"; and the Student read the following letter:

"'Pontassieve,
"'Easter Eve, *Anno Domini* 1510.

"'To the Most Illustrious
"'The Contessina Alagia della Aldobrandeschi,
"'On the Via de' Martelli,
"'Firenze.

"'Most Noble Contessina:

"'I salute you. Believe me your most devoted servant.

"'The rascal who carries this letter, if he devour them not on the way will crave your acceptance of some of the fruits of our garden.

Would that the peace of Heaven might reach you through such things of earth!

" 'Contessina, forgive an old man's babble. But I am your friend, and my love for you goes deep. There is nothing I can give you which you have not got; but there is much, very much, that, while I cannot give it, you can take. No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take heaven! No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present little instant. Take peace!

" 'The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it, yet within our reach, is joy. There is radiance and glory in the darkness, could we but see; and to see, we have only to look. Contessina, I beseech you to look.

" 'Life is so generous a giver, but we, judging its gifts by their covering, cast them away as ugly or heavy or hard. Remove the covering, and you will find beneath it a living splendour, woven of love, by wisdom, with power. Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the Angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial, a sorrow, or a duty: believe me, that Angel's hand is there; the gift is there, and the wonder of an overshadowing Presence. Our joys, too: be not content with them as joys. They, too, conceal diviner gifts.

" 'Life is so full of meaning and of purpose, so full of beauty—beneath its covering—that you will find earth but cloaks your heaven. Courage, then, to claim it: that is all! But courage you have; and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending, through unknown country, home.

" 'And so, at this Easter time, I greet you: not quite as the world sends greetings, but with profound esteem, and with the prayer that for you, now and for ever, the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

" 'I have the honour to be your servant, though the least worthy of them. " 'Fra Giovanni.' "

Life as Teacher

The Sage took up the parable. "Suppose," he said, "that the Master were to come to us with a book, written by his own hand; and were to tell us that that book contained a revelation of our own character, an exposure of our own faults, a description of our own higher nature, with a key to the conquest of the one and to the development of the other. Suppose we were told that its study would make clear to us the path of discipleship: that it contained, in brief, the Master's personal message to us—all that we need to know to attain to conscious and constant communion with him. Imagine with what interest we should read and re-read it: how we should value and guard it. It would be *his* message to *us*.

"That, among other things, is exactly what our environment represents. Every incident in our lives is stamped with the Master's personal message to us.

"Suppose, again, that suddenly we were plunged into a bath of oblivion: that we could be made to forget who we are, and what our circumstances and who our friends have been. Suppose that the Master were to come to us, as naked souls, and were to tell us that he had been thinking and thinking about the nature of the surroundings that would best help us to evolve our powers and to serve him; and that at last he had decided upon the best that the universe could provide. We would thank him, would we not, for his kindness and consideration? And then, I think, we would wish to hasten into that environment—the surroundings of his selection—in order to experience its discipline and to discover how we might serve him. Everything would be new and strange and full of interest. We should look for the meaning of this event and of that neighbour. We should look always for *his* meaning and purpose. It might seem difficult, but, coming from him, it would always be welcome.

"Well,—what else, in this instant, is the life of each one of us? What else is Karma? Our present need is the result of our past, is governed by our past; and is considered and weighed by all the Wisdom that is, including that of the Master. The letter is right: life, just as it is, contains the Master's endless string of gifts to us. I do not believe that much, if any, progress can be made in the spiritual life until some such view as that has become as habitual as breathing."

A Saint's Experience

The Visitor leaned forward eagerly. "What you suggest," he said, "is curiously in line with something that happened to St. Theresa. It was one of her earliest experiences. Some books, in which she had found valuable guidance, were for some reason withdrawn from her. She was living far from any library, and missed them sorely, so much so that she really grieved for their loss. Then she heard an interior voice which said to her, 'Do not be troubled: I shall give thee a living book to read'—the book of life, of her own heart, and of the hearts of men."

The Meaning of Karma

"That is interesting," remarked the Objector; "but I want the Sage to explain his explanation of Karma. I may be old fashioned in my understanding of Theosophy, and yet the logic of that understanding is that we suffer for our misdeeds and reap benefit from our good deeds. Karma is the law of cause and effect: whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap, and *vice versa*. The Sage seemed to imply that there is no such thing as 'bad Karma,' and that everything which happens is a sort of reward for nothing!"

"If I were to take your objection seriously," replied the Sage, "you would remind me of something Mr. Judge once said to the effect that leopards cannot change their spots—specifically that a Calvinist does not necessarily change his opinions because he begins to call himself a

Theosophist and to express his prejudices in terms of Karma and of Reincarnation. You have the right, of course, to insist upon thinking in terms of punishment and of reward, just as I have the right to think in terms of opportunity or of need. But, accepting your own terms, how can there be such a thing as 'bad' Karma, in any ordinary sense of the word 'bad'? If you call an event or experience 'bad,' merely because it makes the personality uncomfortable, I must object that you are misusing your word. What is uncomfortable, in a personal sense, may contain the highest good for the soul, and must necessarily contain a spiritual opportunity. Even criminologists have abandoned a belief in punishment: their effort is reformative, not punitive, and if they still defend a longer term of imprisonment for some offences than for others, they do so, not on the ground that the more serious offence 'deserves' a longer term, but that the character of the offender *needs* a longer treatment. The effort of Nature everywhere is to heal and to cure. To attribute any other purpose to the Lords of Karma; to fail to recognize that infinite compassion as well as boundless wisdom must be, so to speak, the very breath of Divine Law: that, in my opinion, is a failure so complete to understand Theosophy that, of the two, I prefer undiluted Calvinism under its proper name."

Karma and Fatalism

"Your indignation does you credit," laughed the Objector; "and I admit that your logic is unanswerable. Still, carry it one step further, and you will be defending the proposition that 'whatever is, is right,' with its corollary that a man does wrong to attempt to improve his circumstances, and that——"

"Pardon me," interrupted the Sage, "but really your proposition alone, without corollaries, seems to cover the ground sufficiently. And I accept your inference—provided that you add 'in this minute,' which, incidentally, disposes of your first corollary, that a man does wrong to attempt to improve his circumstances. Whatever is in this minute, is right in this minute. But by all means let us so *use* what is in this minute that we may improve the contents of the next minute. That, as I see it, is what the monk's letter meant; and it is certainly what I mean, which, as the Gael might remark, is of far greater importance! Seriously, I believe that our western world needs that belief more than any other—faith in the unswerving justice, wisdom and love of the Power that guides, and in the incessant activity of that guidance, in every department of life, from the gyrations of an ion to the policies of empires. Nothing happens by chance, least of all in the experience of one who would be a disciple, whose daily life is a daily message from his unseen Master."

The Need of Some Theosophists

The Student diverted further discussion. "Whatever the world

may need," he said, "I think that our own need, and the need of many members of the Theosophical Society, was stated clearly enough in a letter addressed recently by two of our American members to a branch of the Society in England; and I suggest to the Recorder that a copy of that letter might well be inserted in the *Screen* in connection with this discussion. Here is the letter:

" 'London, January 22d, 1911.

" 'Dear ——,

" 'You asked us to write some words of greeting to members in the North of England. We have postponed doing so in the hope that it might be possible, before our return to America, to visit them in person; but now we can hope for that no longer. What, then, should our written greeting be? Perhaps more to them than words of friendship and good wishes. Their experience would be valuable to us, and it may be that our experience, when united with their own, will be of service to them. Does not this form the basis of the theosophic method—this regard for the experience and thought of others? this realization that Truth, while eternal and unchangeable, can best be glimpsed through a group of minds rather than through one? and that we should welcome the thought of others as if their minds were windows offering us a wider view of the illimitable? For no other reason can what we have to say be of interest or value.

" 'First, then, we are few: and it may seem to some that numbers would add strength to our cause and, in any case, would improve our public standing. May we suggest that the strength of a chain is known by its weakest link, and that it is perhaps with excellent reason that today, as a Society, we make no appeal to the emotions, or to curiosity, or to that selfishness which is a synonym for the hope of psychic power? Numbers do give a superficial strength: can it be that we are so firmly founded that we can now afford to dispense with all but the essential thing? Can it be that we, as a Society, constitute a true and tested nucleus of a universal brotherhood—that, as a Society, we proved our ability, years ago, to discount popular prejudice and to recognize the divine light in others; later, to stand by principle and to be loyal, both to principle and to our leaders; later still, to follow our own intuitions and our best understanding of Theosophy, even at the cost of rejecting a leader who had failed us? We, who believe that our Society has stood these tests, believe also that, though few in number, our membership has never been stronger or more united than it is today. Further, that at no time in the past has the Society, as such, been so efficient an instrument for the work it was destined to do.

" 'The world's best work is always done in unseen ways, through silent channels. The Light of the world is hidden by the golden sun. That the Masters, during the early years of our history, were able to work on

the outer planes (although the cause of our triumph then), was a hindrance rather than a help to the spiritual growth of their disciples. The splendour dazzled when it did not conceal and mislead. Now, while those same Masters are as near to us as our thought of them makes possible—nearer than ever before if our love be true—their energies are indrawn to the world of soul, where they work for our development and wait for our recognition. If we seize our chance; if we determine *to be* the thing we have dreamed and talked about—discipleship will be our reward. We shall know, where before we have merely believed. We shall serve, in the highest and most splendid sense, where before we have merely been advocates.

" 'Does this mean psychic experiment or clairvoyant achievement or abandonment of the world? It does not! It means no more and no less than the one word—*likeness*. This is the path which every Saviour of the race has pointed out: to know the soul, we must be like the soul; to know the Master, we must be like the Master; to know God, we must be god-like. In each moment, and from moment to moment, careless of failure, free from fear, we must try and keep on trying *to be,* in word and act and thought and feeling, the ideal we have made our own. It is "the small old path that stretches far away," to where the harvests of the future are ripening. And yet, as an old book says, "without moving, oh! holder of the bow, is the travelling in this road"—meaning, among other things, that where we are, in just these surroundings and in no other, is the place of all places for this process of our becoming. Our difficulties, whatever they may be, are the opportunities given us to practise on. Can anyone complain that he has no opportunity to be patient, as a disciple is patient; to be courteous, as a disciple is courteous —to be forgiving, gentle, firm, alert, recollected, silent; to maintain a serene heart and a quiet mind, after the manner of a disciple? Our surroundings are not meant to make these things easy: they are meant to evoke our endeavour. He who tries and who keeps on trying,—he succeeds. Success lies in the effort, not in the result. Results must not concern us. There is a kindness deeper than our own: a love more wise and more merciful. Results which we think our due may be spared us by that kindness. We must learn to surrender "the insupportable burden of our own will"; we must learn to receive the kingdom of God as little children, and be content to feel that love is its own reward, and that where love is, there is power.

" 'Every one of us who attempts to live that life—married or single, young or old—adds incalculably to the strength of the Society, and also, particularly if he co-operates consciously with others, spreads far and near though silently around him the evangel of man's perfectibility. And he will be helped; there is no doubt of that. Those who have travelled this path before, and who live and labour solely to make it easier for others; those who caused this Society to be founded for no other

purpose than to prepare conditions from which discipleship could spring; those who are always more anxious to give than we are to receive—is it likely that they would fail to encourage and to assist such efforts, with a passion of interest unimaginable by us?

. . . . . .

"'That, then, in our opinion, is what the Society needs today—not so much a larger membership, as that more and more of those who already are members shall make this effort to manifest in and through themselves their highest and ever-growing ideal of what they ought to be; and that, in their relations with others, instead of trying to impose their own ideals or ideas, they should recognize that "the ways of God are as the number of the souls of men." If we, as members, help others to understand their own ideals better and to find a more spiritual and more applicable meaning in their own religion or philosophy; if we look beneath the surface for what truly is divine and emphasize our appreciation of that, rather than our disapproval of imperfections—we shall find our ranks fill fast enough. Nor does this involve, as some might think, any surrender of our platform. It *is* our platform. It always has been, when properly understood. And it can never excuse us from the duty of declaring things untheosophical when they are so, any more than from declaring things unchristian when we know them to be opposed to the teachings of Christ. Sympathy with all that is best does not imply condonation of what is evil. A true Brother fights for the Soul—not always to the pleasure of the personality.

"'So, while ardent in aspiration and strong in effort, we have also to be wise and brave in conduct, in all things looking for guidance to that inner light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world, between which and the Masters, as Mr. Judge once wrote, there is no difference. May all of us be helped to live by it, and may it guide our feet into the way of peace.'" T.

"You are not guilty, because you are ignorant; but you are guilty when you resign yourselves to ignorance."

MAZZINI.

ELEMENTARY PAPER

Masters of Wisdom

IN all ages and among all peoples there seem to have been a few great souls who have done what they could to enlighten the ignorant and lead in the way of virtue and righteousness both rulers and people. Bible readers will think of Moses, of the Prophet Samuel, of Elijah and Elisha and others. Moses had been initiated into the secret wisdom of Egypt, and he had passed it on through his successors to later generations. The story of Samuel also has great interest. As a boy he was dedicated to Jehovah and became a pupil of the Priest-Prophet Eli, and had to live in the tent of worship. When he grew to be a man he established what were called schools of prophets, into which he gathered young men who showed spiritual fitness for a prophet's life. The requisites seem to have been a pure life, a devotional spirit, a love of righteousness, enthusiasm for Jehovah and a love of the people. Out of these he selected such as showed a still higher degree of faith, purity, and sincerity, for special teaching and special duties,—for the higher wisdom could only enter a heart prepared for it. These pupils were called "Sons of the prophets," or "Disciples," a term afterwards used for the followers of a Rabbi, and the chief was called "Father." These students lived in communities, and a hundred are mentioned as connected with the Jericho School. There were other schools at Ramah, at Gilgal, Bethel, and Gibeah. The great teachers did not all live in these schools but made frequent visits to instruct and supervise, leaving other instructors in charge. Josephus says that all the students took the Nazarite vow, which means they had to live a strictly pure life and be entirely devoted to higher things. As in the school of Pythagoras, music was a most important study, and oratory seems also to have been included, for those who had been taught were sent out as preachers, and remind us of the preaching Friars of England in the early part of the thirteenth century. At the beginning these Friars lived a pure life and manifested a self-denying enthusiasm as they took religion into the Fair and the Market-place, waking a zeal for it in the hearts of the people. From these schools, also, came historians, teachers, and poets.

The inner circle of disciples were given an opportunity to take more occult studies. They lived a very simple life and did not indulge in the

pleasures of the table. The chiefs of these schools used frequently to go away to hills and mountains, or lonely places far from the noise of the cities, so that they could commune more perfectly with the unseen. In many cases the chiefs had special disciples who were expected and trained to succeed them. So Elisha was the pupil of Elijah, and all the sons of the prophets seemed to know that he would succeed him. In 2 Kings 2: 3, we read, "and the sons of the prophets at Bethel came forth to Elisha, and said unto him, 'Knowest thou not that Jehovah will take away thy Master from thy head to-day?' And he said, 'Yea, I know it: hold ye your peace.'" The same question was asked him at Jericho.

Passing on from the Old Testament to the New, we find the same practice continued among the Jews and also in the Christian Church. John the Baptist had his school and each of the disciples had his pupils, and often also a special one, as Peter had Mark; Paul had Timothy; John had Polycarp.

If we go back before the time of Moses we shall find schools and great teachers in Egypt. Those who built the pyramids, and those who taught in the schools of what we call ancient Egypt do not hesitate to say that they got their wisdom from great teachers who preceded them.

Traces of such teachers are found in many nations in more recent times. Josef Wolff tells us of Mahomedan Dervishes that are a good deal like the Hebrew prophets of former times, each Dervish having a disciple. He asked the name and parentage of one, who replied that the day he was born his mother said, "Thou shalt be a slave of the most merciful God." He further said, "I am without father or mother for I have forsaken all for God's sake." * This reminds one of the mysterious Melchisedek of Genesis who met Abraham and gave him bread and wine, and was said to be without father or mother and without descent.

Coming down to our own day, we may ask whether such teachers yet exist, or has our modern science and philosophy rendered them unnecessary? It is believed by many that the knowledge taught by those ancient teachers in Egypt, Greece, and elsewhere was but a fragment of the wisdom of still greater teachers which has been carefully guarded through all the centuries, and is given out only to regularly initiated members of mystic associations, or, partially, only under pledge of secrecy at certain times and to certain people. It cannot be got from books in any language.

All the wonderful knowledge that has been given out through the Theosophical Society has come from these great Masters of Wisdom who are in the world to-day, as at all times in the past. Madame Blavatsky has told us plainly that the "Secret Doctrine" is not the product of her own brain, that it was not original with her, but that it was given to her by these Masters. Colonel Olcott, and Mr. Sinnett both declare

* *Wolff's Travels* Vol. I, pp. 483-485.

that they have personally seen some of these Masters and witnessed some of the wonderful things they have done, some of which are recorded in the "Occult World," by Mr. Sinnett, and in "Old Diary Leaves," by Colonel Olcott. We do not know very much about the Masters themselves, for they have been far more anxious to impart a knowledge of the universe and its laws, of man, his nature and destiny, than to give information about themselves. But some things have been told us by those who have come close to them, with hints from other sources. We know that they are men who have passed through a long and severe process of training and purification, lasting through many lives, until finally they have gained the full consciousness and powers of the soul. This gives them many wonderful powers that are only latent in us. It is said that material walls do not hinder their appearing to their disciples; that they can hear the sounds of the unseen world as clearly and easily as we can hear those of the material world; and that they can read the thoughts and characters of others. We are also told that they have a marvelous power over nature because they understand laws that are as yet unknown to our modern Science. They differ from each other in their degree just as the prophets and teachers of ancient times did, or just as one scientist differs from another, though all are animated by the same spirit,—as all souls are one in the Over Soul. Though their powers are so much greater than ours they are subject to weariness just as we are—though they have learned to rest in their work. Perhaps this is one reason they are called Brothers, so that we may feel sure that they are not of a different order of being from ourselves. They seem to be organized into a fraternity, with many grades and distinct groups, with different degrees of power, yet all working together in perfect harmony of purpose and aim. They do not live forever on this plane, but their bodies have been greatly refined, the grosser qualities being gradually eliminated, so rendering them more exempt from disease and exhaustion, and making it possible for them to keep one body an astonishingly long time. But as they have gained the powers of the soul, their ability to work and help us is not dependent upon a physical body, and save for certain special kinds of work it makes very little difference whether they are in the physical body or in the spiritual body. So St. Paul said, "Whether in the body or out of the body" he could not tell. As they pass on to higher and greater work, others must take their places, and recruits must come in to take the lower places. These others are chelas who have been in training for a long time but are now ready for initiation and receive it. Their training and development does not cease when they become members of the Brotherhood, for there are still great powers not perfected, and large regions unexplored. While the Masters have made what we would call an exhaustive study of the seven planes of the universe, and have made careful records of the same, it takes a new member a long time to become proficient in this

wisdom, and even then we must remember that there are still regions beyond for him to investigate.

But the great aim of the Brotherhood is not simply to get wisdom to use for themselves, but to employ it for the help of those who have not yet risen above our common humanity. Their whole life is now in the service of humanity, to supervise and aid the upward march of the race as fast as cyclic law will permit. A Master's life is a whole-souled, self-sacrificing consecration to the help of the world; for they are not only Masters of wisdom but of compassion. It is said that this occult fraternity has many branches or lodges in different parts of the world, but that the central Lodge has its chief seat in the Himalaya mountains. It is from this central Lodge that the founding of the Theosophical Society was inspired. Why do Masters live in Tibet? Because there in the high mountains, the magnetic, auric, and other conditions are purest, and so from that center they can work most effectively. The magnetism of our Western civilization is very deadening and heavy to them, as very bad air would be to us. As you must shut out all disturbing elements if you would successfully perform certain chemical experiments, so to do certain spiritual work the disturbing elements of our modern life must be excluded. Thus the Masters can direct the spiritual powers with which they work for the world most easily in mountain solitudes where the air is pure, the forces of nature at their best, and at the same time the psychic field is not polluted by the elemental creations of society in which vice and selfishness prevail. Even an ordinary thinker in order to live at his best must often retire from the noise and din of the busy world, just as the Gospels say Jesus did.

While as a rule a Master would not be known as such by anyone outside the Brotherhood, except his own pledged disciples, there are periods in which cyclic law allows, or perhaps makes it necessary, that they proclaim themselves to the world, in order that some great work for humanity may be undertaken. There has been one such period in our time and we are enjoying its blessed results through the Theosophical Society, which these beneficent helpers of humanity originated. Why did they go away again and leave us with our struggles and perplexities? Madame Blavatsky has explained to us that it was in accordance with the great cyclic law; that when they have appeared in the physical world, they must after a time withdraw, that we may learn to follow them into the inner spiritual world. But we are quite wrong to think that because we do not now see them physically they have left us alone. Rather are they closer to us than ever before. Just as Jesus said, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The wonderful story of the evolution of the worlds, and the even more wonderful story of man, of races, and civilizations that they have given us, with information about the various planes of being, we may accept with confidence, for it is the testimony of those who know. All

that they tell us has come to them as the result of study and verification through countless ages by generation after generation of adepts, and its truth has been established by many independent examiners, and by the most exhaustive tests. They have told us also how we may verify it for ourselves—by putting it to the test in our own lives. Their perfect knowledge of the Law of Karma, and of Cyclic Law is used always for the benefit of mankind, in ways that men do not dream of or suspect. Their part in human progress is very great indeed, and it has been hinted that they have a far larger share in secular events than we sometimes think. Their interest in the Theosophical Society has not ceased, they still watch over it and protect it, and in various ways still help its progress.

We are told that the Masters form a hierarchy of seven grades, and that each grade has its pupils of a grade lower, down to the limits of the Brotherhood, and outside of it there are chelas under the direction of Brothers within it. The plans of the greatest of these are carried out by those who are inferior, so that when we consider what marvelous resources they have for imparting thought and impulse to the minds of men, there seems to be hardly any limit to their power, save that which we ourselves set. For they respect our freedom so completely that unless we want what they have to give they cannot force it on us. But into the minds of those who are ready for it, what ideas may be dropped while the body sleeps, as well as in waking hours! What happy thoughts have been put into human minds that have developed into great and beneficent schemes for helping suffering and struggling humanity, we can only surmise. This we know, that every aspiring soul that needs help along the path of spiritual advancement, or in any self-sacrificing work for his fellowmen, will surely get it, for this is the law of the Masters' order. They live to serve. Do we desire their wisdom and their powers? There is only one way, it is the way of the cross, the way of service and sacrifice. Not to-day, but in the far off future when we have reached the heights, we may see clearly the glorious stream of light and love that through the ages has been flowing continuously from these great souls, Elder Brothers, Masters of Wisdom and Compassion, to every generation of struggling humanity. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

JOHN SCHOFIELD.

REVIEWS

The mind grows tired, after a time, of its customary form of religious expression; and that is one reason among many why Theosophists have so great an advantage over those whose interest is limited to any one church or to any one group of the world's scriptures. Few people, we think, could fail to catch fire afresh from reading sympathetically the extracts from Persian Mystics now published in "The Wisdom of the East" series, and a volume by Claud Field on *Mystics and Saints of Islam,* published by Francis Griffiths. The *Persian Mystics* are dealt with in two volumes, the first covering the life, work, and writings of Jalalu'd-Din Rumi, the second volume similarly treating Jami. The Introduction to each volume, by F. Hadland Davis, is of unusual excellence. The Sufis regarded the existence of the soul as pre-natal. In the world, it is in exile from the Only One, the Beloved. Ibn Sina (Avicenna)—famous as a statesman, as a physician, as a philosopher, as a poet, and, above all, as a mystic—expresses this thought in his well-known poem on the soul:

"Lo, it was hurled
Midst the sign-posts and ruined abodes of the desolate world.
It weeps, when it thinks of its home and the peace it possessed,
With tears welling forth from its eyes without pausing or rest,
And with plaintive mourning it broodeth like one bereft
O'er such trace of its home as the fourfold winds have left."

In the beginning (esoterically, the beginning of but another of the infinite series of days), the universe lay cold. The One, the Beloved, sang of love "in wordless measure" to Itself. Then:

"One gleam fell from It on the Universe
And on the angels, and this single ray
Dazzled the angels, till their senses whirled
Like the revolving sky. In diverse forms
Each mirror showed it forth, and everywhere
Its praise was chanted in new harmonies."

Nowhere in literature does love of the Divine, of the Beloved, and yearning for reunion, find more passionate expression than among the Sufis, though Suso, St. Gertrude, and many Christian writers use language almost identical. In fact, it would be difficult, at first sight, to tell whether such an extract as the following were Christian or Sufi: "For the love that thou would'st find demands the sacrifice of self to the end that the heart may be filled with the passion to stand within the Holy of Holies, in which alone the mysteries of the True Beloved can be revealed unto thee" (it happens to be a Sufi sentiment—yet surely also Christian!). Indifferently the Sufis speak of the Beloved as neuter, or as masculine, or as feminine. No one can deny to them magnificent broad-mindedness. In their view, as in our own, there is no one way to the Spirit: "the ways of God are as the

number of the souls of men"; and if many of them, hard put to it to convey some sense of their adoration, and trusting to the purity of their readers to recognize the purity in themselves, found it helpful to symbolize the One as feminine,—must we, with the Rev. Professor Inge (in his *Christian Mysticism*) eye them narrowly as "erotic"? Was that "Venerable Servant of God, Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, Missionary Apostolic," open to the same charge because he took *Omnia per Mariam* as his motto and rule of life? Surely not! Yet the Sufis never personified Deity, except symbolically, and avowedly for poetic effect. We are tempted to think that the mysticism of Professor Inge must be a trifle prudish. In any case, for our own part, we can find in such lines as the following, by Jami, no more and no worse than the purest religious aspiration:

"Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
Grew to BEING Her I gaze on,
She and I no more, but in One
Undivided Being blended.
All that is not One must ever
Suffer with the Wound of Absence;
And whoever in Love's City
Enters, finds but Room for One,
And but in ONENESS Union."

Mahmud Shabistari symbolized it differently, but the meaning obviously is the same:

"Go, sweep out the chamber of your heart,
Make it ready to be the dwelling-place of the Beloved.
When you depart out, He will enter in,
In you, void of your*self*, will He display His beauty."

They were not ascetics in the sense of refusing to see the beauties of this world, all of which they regarded as reflections of the Divine Beauty; but that they understood the meaning of Detachment is shown in this story of Rabai, the woman Sufi. Someone asked her one day, "Whence comest thou?" "From the other world," was her reply. "And whither goest thou?" "Into the other world." "And what doest thou in this world." *"I jest with it by eating its bread and doing the works of the other world in it."* T.

A Little Book of Eastern Wisdom, collected by Claude Field (George G. Harrap & Co., London), contains brief extracts from the Mohammedan poets and mystics. They include two of the recorded sayings of Jesus, according to the Mohammedan tradition—both of them noteworthy: "Jesus (on whom be peace!) said, 'The world is a bridge; pass over it, but do not build upon it.'" That saying is said to be inscribed on a bridge at Fatehpur Sikri. The other has been handed down by Nizami: "One day Jesus passed by a crowd which was standing round a dead dog and giving vent to exclamations of disgust. Jesus stood still and said, 'Pearls are not whiter than its teeth.'" This is from Rumi: "What to you is a wall, to the saint is a door." May we add a corollary? "Do not wait to be a saint: *open it!*" A delightful story is told of the celebrated saint, Fudail Ibn Tyad. The Caliph Harun-al-Rashid paid him a visit and said to him, "How great is thy self-abnegation!" to which the saint made answer, "Thine is greater." "How so?" asked the Caliph. "Because I make abnegation of this world, which is transitory, and thou makest abnegation of the next, which will last for ever." It is said that the Caliph saw the point, but it is not said that the effect was permanent. Then there are these sayings, taken at random: "He who gave them speech has brought them to silence; He who created them has caused them to perish; but as He wore them out, so will He renew them; as He scattered their frame, so will He

re-unite it." "Stupidity is closer to deliverance than intellect which innovates" (can any Conservative improve upon that!). "When you are the anvil, be patient; when you are the hammer, smite." The renown of Saadi, its author, must excuse this: "A dog washed in the seven seas, Is still a pasture-ground for fleas!" Finally, this remarkable comparison from Suhrawardi: "If it were said to an embryo in the womb, 'Outside the narrow place of the womb is another world, a great space, a sky, a land, a sun, a moon, and other things,' never would the imagining of it appear true save by faith. Even so the dwellers in the narrow world of reason cannot save by faith understand the world of power, till man's soul from the narrow womb of the world of reason cometh to the unseen world of power, or by the death of nature and of will which they call 'the second birth' even as Isa (Jesus) hath written." T.

*The Spiritual Maxims of Brother Lawrence.** Many of our readers are familiar with *The Practice of the Presence of God,* by Brother Lawrence, but the *Spiritual Maxims* is new to English readers and will be welcomed by all those who know and have been benefited by his more famous work. Brother Lawrence was a Carmelite monk who lived in an obscure monastery in the French provinces. For forty years he had charge of the kitchen; yet such was his sanctity and soundness of judgment, his spiritual wisdom, combined with common sense, that the great religious leaders of France did not scorn to seek him out and ask his advice.

His whole religious philosophy was comprised in the term "practice of the Presence of God." He carried this idea into every detail of his outer and inner life. He himself says that when working in his kitchen and called upon by his assistants, several at once, he was, in the midst of all these distractions, still able to preserve his consciousness of God's presence in his heart; that when turning a cake in a frying pan, he would do it of, as, and for God. Consequently, he says, he never found any other means of devotion necessary: he never needed a spiritual director, God in his soul being sufficient; the ordinary religious observances were aids, perhaps, but only aids to the acquirement of the *sumum bonum* of the religious life, the constant sense of deep inner communion with God. He expressly states that a life of retirement from the world, is not necessary; that while it may be a little more difficult, yet it is quite possible to practice this special form of devotion while being busily engaged in ordinary occupations.

For this there are very few and simple rules:

You must be pure of body, mind and soul. You cannot expect God to take up his abode with you unless you give him a clean abiding place.

You must have faith; you must believe that God will come when you have prepared his dwelling.

You must be prepared to suffer cheerfully; a certain measure of suffering and pain is needed to purify the natural man.

You must realize that you reach God through the *heart* and not through the mind.

You "must do all things thoughtfully and soberly, without impetuosity or precipitancy, which denotes a mind undisciplined. We must go about our labours quietly, calmly and lovingly, entreating him to prosper the work of our hands."

You *must practice the Presence of God.* It is the training of the mind and heart to find their joy in his divine companionship.

These and many other restatements of the same ideas, are to be found in this most valuable little book. Substitute the word "Master," for "God," and you have a perfect Theosophical Rule of Life. C. A. G., Jr.

* "Heart and Life" Booklets. London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd., 6 pence.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 127.—*In the January* QUARTERLY, page 286, *"C. A. G., Jr." says—"Pain and suffering, * * * of whatsoever kind, are nature's efforts to readjust inharmonious forces which have been started by the free-will of individuals. If our wills acted in harmony with the Divine Will all pain and suffering would instantly disappear forever." This may be true, but here is my trouble: I find that under the operation of natural law, in the primeval forest where the blight of man's free-will and law breaking is not a factor, one animal preys upon another. The hawk pounces upon the mother rabbit and tears it to pieces; its agonized shrieks ascending unanswered; the ecstasy and joy of its sweet life ended in awful pain! Can any of your readers shed any light on this? What can be the purpose of such suffering? What the compensation? What can man do to cause or help cause such suffering to "instantly disappear forever?" Who has offended and how?*

J. F. K.

ANSWER.—J. F. K.'s point is interesting and natural, but is based upon facts as he finds them today, and not upon what they ought to be or what Nature intended them to be. We are told that the whole course of evolution on this planet, got "off the track" many hundreds of thousands of years ago, and that the great effort of the Lodge is, and for a very long time has been, to get things back into regular and normal channels once more. It was the sins of humanity which so seriously interrupted the orderly course of evolution. One of the chief of these sins was the treatment of the animal kingdom. The human race deliberately taught the different animals to prey upon each other, just as they are still training ocelots to hunt deer in India, or dogs to hunt foxes and other "game"; just as they used to teach hawks and falcons to kill other birds and small animals. It is not "natural" for any of these creatures to do these things. Even the lion and the tiger once lived in harmony with their fellow creatures, four-footed as well as two. We brought this form of suffering into the world as we brought all other pain, and when we are bitten by a poisonous reptile or clawed by an angry lion, in the last analysis we have only ourselves to thank for it.

The various traditions of the Garden of Eden, when lions and lambs were friends, reflect true conditions, and in time to come, when we have made a little more progress in correcting our own faults and weaknesses, we, human beings, will have to undo the wrong we have done the animals and teach and train them to curb their ferocity and pain-giving proclivities.

Much of this will be accomplished indirectly by purifying the general thought atmosphere of the world which the animals embody and reflect; much will have to be done consciously and deliberately, as the result of carefully worked out plans.

So I do not think that what I said about pain and suffering is controverted by the facts brought forward by J. F. K. Indeed I believe those facts, when properly understood go to prove my thesis, for they show how a very large amount of pain in the world is the direct result of human sin, ignorance and folly.

C. A. G., JR.

ANSWER.—The questioner assumes that "the blight of man's free-will" is not a factor in the primeval forest. This is an entire mistake. Free-will is the cause of thought. Animals are altogether the expression of thought forms of the past. As a race we are responsible for the existence of animals as they are today. Man, when he first appeared on this planet, thought; those thought forms reincarnate in animal shapes, and thus work off the initial force we have put into their lives. Man's free-will has, therefore, entered directly into the question. In like manner the thoughts we are thinking now will take physical shape and become the animals of the future.

The first chapter of Genesis is a First Round expression. It deals with all the other forms of life and then with man. The second chapter, which seems to be in part a repetition, begins with man. That is a Second Round expression. From this time on we became responsible for the animals' lives. (For race cycles and antiquity of man and his appearance in the Second Round cf. *The Secret Doctrine,* Third Edition, Vol. II, p. 729. For the origin and evolution of mamalia, science and esoteric philogeny: Vol. II, Sec. 5, especially p. 775.)

This tracing of the line of man's evolution, as *The Secret Doctrine* does, from spirit into matter, supplements the Darwinian theory of the evolution of his body through the forms of animals. In their origin these forms may be regarded as successively projected and materialized from man's psychic activity—and their evolution constantly affected by the same forces which gave them birth—until a form of self-expression is reached which man can himself ensoul. This puts man in his proper place as the precursor and creator of animal forms. Accordingly the struggle for existence in the animal kingdom did not exist before man's fall:—that is before his descent into matter and the misuse of his newly acquired free-will. A scientific illustration of this statement is the case of the Fuegian Islands. When European scientists first went there they found the utmost peace and harmony. The conditions pictured in Isaiah actually prevailed.

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox." (Isaiah 11:6, 7.)

After man had lived on these islands, the animals became imbued with the same combative spirit which was characteristic of him, and took on their present traits.

Moreover the "agonized shrieks" of the mother rabbit do not ascend unanswered.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." (Matt. 10:29.)

The Masters know and record in the astral light every such event, and great is our recorded debt to the animal kingdom.

As to the purpose of such suffering. Pain is the great refiner, the great teacher. But we must never forget that we read into animals our own higher sensitiveness. They are not organized so that they can suffer to the extent that we would under the same circumstances, any more than thought forms in the astral plane or a piece of wood burning in the fire suffer *as* we do. We have no means by which we can estimate the amount or quality of their sufferings. (*Secret Doctrine,* Vol. II, pp. 300 and 301.) This may be a new idea to many and hard to believe, but, by referring to the passage instanced, one can see that *The Secret Doctrine* teaches the direct dependence of animal forms on man.

A. L. E.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society will be held at the Brevoort Hotel, Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street, New York City, on Saturday, April 29, 1911, beginning at 10.30 A. M.

Branches unable to send personal delegates are requested to forward proxies, for the number of votes to which their membership entitles them under the constitution, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, 387 Ocean Avenue, Flatbush, N. Y.

Members expecting to attend the Convention are requested to inform the Secretary, Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

March 1, 1911.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
Chairman Executive Committee.

BRANCH MEETINGS.

Visitors are welcomed at the meetings of all local Branches of the Theosophical Society, and for the convenience of those interested, a partial list is given below of the names and addresses of the Branch Secretaries, in different centers, who will be glad to furnish full information as to the time and place of the local meetings.

Boston, Mass.—Secretary, Mrs. E. L. D. Moffett, 152 Washington Street, Brighton, Mass.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Secretary, F. C. Benninger, 3826 Millsbrae Avenue.
Dayton, Ohio—Secretary, Geo. E. Brittain, 120 Shaw Avenue.
Denver, Colo.—Secretary, Miss Lucile du Pre, 1045 Clayton Street.
Detroit, Mich.—Secretary, Miss E. Chapin, 58 Smith Street.
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Secretary, Mrs. Lillian F. Stouder, 215 W. Superior Street.
Greensboro, N. C.—Secretary, C. Lahser, P. O. Box 489, Greensboro, N. C.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Secretary, J. S. Moore, 26 N. Walcott Street.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Secretary, Mrs. Grace Bradford, 309 Oriental Street.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Secretary, Mrs. M. Ella Paterson, P. O. Box 1194, Ocean Park, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.—Secretary, Fred H. Sharp, care 14th Street Depot.
Middletown, Ohio—Secretary, W. G. Roberts, 906 George Street.
New York, N. Y.—Secretary, Karl D. Perkins, 511 West 122d Street.
Oakland, Cal.—Secretary, Mrs. Carrie G. Gilson, 49 Bella Vista Avenue, East Oakland.
Providence, R. I.—Secretary, Mrs. Jennie Sheldon, 31 Creighton Avenue.
Seattle, Wash.—Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Clark, 316 Thirty-fifth Avenue.
Seattle, Wash.—Secretary, Miss Flora Freidlein, 109 Maynard Avenue.
Stockton, Cal.—Secretary, Mrs. Algie C. Kelsey, 608 El Dorado Street.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Secretary, Chas. H. Dower, 612 Dillage Building.
Toledo, Ohio—Secretary, Walter C. Longenecker, 2408 Maplewood Avenue.
Washington, D. C.—Secretary, A. B. Russ, 2503 14th Street, N. W.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE, (Hillard)	$2.16
BHAGAVAD GITA, translated by Charles Johnston	1.00
BHAGAVAD GITA, Edited by W. Q. Judge, leather	.75
BIBLE TESTIMONY TO THEOSOPHIC TRUTH, paper	.10
CULTURE OF CONCENTRATION, by W. Q. Judge, paper	.10
DREAM OF RAVAN, cloth	1.00
ELIXIR OF LIFE, paper	.30
ESOTERIC BUDDHISM, by A. P. Sinnett, cloth	1.25
FRAGMENTS, by Cavé	.60
IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS, cloth	1.00
INDIANAPOLIS LETTERS, by Alexander Fullerton, paper	.10
KARMA: WORKS AND WISDOM, by Charles Johnston	.35
KARMA, by A. P. Sinnett, a novel, cloth	.75
KEY TO THEOSOPHY, by H. P. Blavatsky	2.00
LETTERS THAT HAVE HELPED ME, by W. Q. Judge	
Vol. I, compiled by Jasper Niemand, cloth	.50
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